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THE FAIRY RING.—DRAWN BY KATE GREENAWAY.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

An author publishes his complaint that his friends borrow his own novels from him, and inquires, of universal nature, whether anything like it has ever been heard of? The reply is obvious: certainly something like it has been heard of—namely, the seething a kid in its mother's milk. The action, indeed, is too distressing to be dwelt upon. Still, there is another side even to this sad story. There are authors who insist upon lending their books without our asking for them, and (what is far worse) upon our giving our opinion on them afterwards. It is one of those occasions when it is *very* much more agreeable to give than to receive. The position of the recipient is, indeed, much worse than if the book were given right away. He might in that case lose it on the way home, or on the way anywhere, and trust to the donor's indignation, or economy, not to give him another copy. But a man who keeps a lending library of his own works is not to be put off in that fashion. There are plenty more where the volume comes from, and likely to be, so far as the public are concerned, for novels that are thus lent are not "in demand" at the bookstalls: they are what the dealers in such wares term euphoniously "rather quiet." What on earth are we to say about such a loan in the way of criticism with even the most moderate regard to truth and conscience? How are we to retain at once our friend and our self-respect? It is said that civility costs nothing, but all sorts of things are said (and repeated) which are not true—and this is one of them. In returning the precious volume with the required eulogy (which, after all, is what we do), we not only do violence to our own conscience, but to that of others; the book goes forth again into new hands, to sap somebody else's principles, accompanied by our own little note, and with a line from the author saying, "I would hardly have ventured to send you my modest production, but that, *as you see*, it has received the warmest approbation from one who has the true critical faculty."

M. Cluseret, the French deputy, has the courage of his opinions, which are strongly against fighting duels. He has brought a Bill into the Chamber to prohibit them, of a very sweeping character, since it punishes not only the principals but the seconds, and even the newspaper that inserts the account of the transaction. The document begins by remarking that nine out of ten duels are simply got up for the purpose of drawing attention to the challenger and giving him a cheap reputation for courage. He may not succeed, as in General Boulanger's case, who called out an ancient, near-sighted, and, presumably, unskilful citizen, and got "pinked" himself; but that is exceptional. The challenger always *thinks* he has the pull. The tenth duel M. Cluseret ascribes to considerations of "what the world will say." This diagnosis is probably correct; but where he is certainly right is in punishing the seconds. If these gentlemen had to fight (as in old times) as well as the principals, there would be very few duels. The late Captain Horatio Ross, who had by far the greatest experience of "affairs of honour" of any of our countrymen, endorses this view. Though he lived among the fire-eaters, he was never challenged; which he frankly attributes to the fact that he was the best pistol-shot in England. They always preferred to have his services as a second, and he generally succeeded in bringing about a peaceful solution of the difficulty; but seconds in general he found much more sanguinary than their principals.

In China nothing is more common than for a gentleman who is in serious trouble with the law to hire a substitute to take the punishment for him. The payment varies according to the gravity of the offence; but when it is murder, for which the penalty is death, it runs, we are told, to twelve pounds exactly. In England these matters are seldom settled by proxy, and the very last persons likely to volunteer to be hanged for one are one's relatives: they will see us hanged first. This makes the scene at the Portsmouth Police-Court the other day very remarkable. A young gentleman of nineteen is brought up on several charges of burglary; the evidence is, unhappily, clear, but his father comes forward and expresses his wish to act as substitute. "What do you mean?" asks the astonished magistrate. "To go to jail for him?" "Yes, certainly!" Upon this amazing proposition being rejected, the young gentleman faints; a young lady whose relations with him have been described by an adaptor from Shakespeare as being "a little less than kin, and more than kind," faints also; and the self-sacrificing parent has a fit. This is, probably, the most emotional family, as well as the most free from convention, that has yet been discovered.

In England, when the earth is frozen, agricultural operations are suspended: we "take our pick," but only to stand it in the corner with our spade, and think it no discredit to bow to Nature's law. The American citizen despises such "cussed" cowardice, and sometimes even freezes the earth himself. When a shaft has to be sunk through boggy ground, he puts down certain pipes connected at the top, and filled with a solution of brine and water with twenty-five per cent. of calcium chloride; the brine is in connection with an ice machine, and a frozen well-wall made of ice, earth, and stone is thus formed, within which the shaft can be sunk independent of all external bogs and springs. It is what is called "the Poetsch process," but seems to belong rather to science, and has certainly never been described in immortal verse.

I trust the prayer of "Miranda" will be listened to with respect to the wholesale destruction which our beautiful evergreens are exposed to at this season. It is extraordinary that persons who have obviously some taste for national beauties should show such "wicked waste" in their use of flowers and holly. To cast the former into graves, or to despoil whole gardens for one night's display, is barbarous enough; but to rob our shrubs of what cannot be replaced to deck a pulpit or

a pew, when artificial holly would suit the required purpose equally well and last much longer, is much more reprehensible. The custom is also a premium upon robbery, as every gardener in the neighbourhood of a town at Christmas time has cause to know. Church decoration is most commendable in itself, and has considerable social attractions (it is whispered) to recommend it, but there is no reason why our gardens should be stripped to "make a Christian holiday."

Though not yet ten years old, Volapük is declared to be "already the subject of 2000 volumes, to have thirty periodicals devoted to it, 600 societies founded in its honour, and to be studied by 2,000,000 of people." The question, however, is, after all, Who speaks it? We know a good many persons who speak a good many tongues (and some, as Jerrold rather cruelly remarked, "not a word worth hearing in any one of them"), but we don't know anybody (at least, *I don't*) who speaks Volapük. This is singular, in the case of "a universal language." As long as these gentlemen stick to their grammars they will make no converts. Browning is the only man who speaks highly of grammar, and in a very appropriate way—namely, obscurely. It has never afforded mankind the least amusement (except, perhaps, in the case of that daughter of the Oxford professor, to whose boast that she knew as much about the particle *de* as himself some wicked wag replied that she knew something of the particle *πεν* also). No man who remembers as a boy what grammar was will ever be attracted to it in his maturity. If the Volapükians want to make progress they must use their tongues, and not their pens. A debate in the Albert Hall in Volapük would be a splendid advertisement. It makes an immense noise: I wonder whether it is adapted for deaf people.

If, instead of—well, what they wear—men went about in gauzy fabrics, easily distended, and exceedingly combustible, you would not catch them warming themselves as they now do (nor the other way either) in front of open fireplaces. They would either wear asbestos petticoats or give the fire a wide berth. Women, on the other hand, are quite reckless about such matters, and run the risk of setting themselves alight half a dozen times a day, and a dozen at night. They will waltz within a foot of the fire, and tend the sacred flame of the Christmas tree with the devotion of vestal virgins. They will keep fireguards in the housemaids' cupboards; but it is a point of honour with them not to put them on the grate: they say "they keep off the heat." They seem almost to court death by burning, as Indian widows the Suttees. It is no use talking about it, but I really think they should relax their rule a little in the case of their children. One of the coroners for Middlesex, commenting on the conflagration of some little ones, tells us that two hundred of them are burnt every year in London through the neglect of fireguards, which, though they possess them, mothers cannot be induced to use. Is it possible that Fire-worship—where the children are sacrificed to Moloch—still lingers among us in this negative form?

"Arts" and "Letters" are disputing over the body of Mr. Stanley. "Arts" (in the form of the club so named) has asked him to dinner, and "Letters" (in an unfortunately similar form) has received his acceptance of the invitation. "Why don't you call yourself by your own name, or, at all events, not by ours?" growls one committee. "We shall call ourselves just what we please. Yah!" (or words to that effect) replies the other. This want of discrimination is deplorable, but not surprising. "Letters" for some years has been poaching on "Arts'" preserves, though not in Clabland. In old times poets and novelists used to talk of their "work" or their "writings"; but of late years they have taken to talk about their "art," which, having a vaguer and more mystic meaning, is found to be more acceptable at five-o'clock teas; and the artists naturally resented it. The poet can read his verses aloud, which gives him an immense advantage over the painter, and one with which he ought to be satisfied. And now, it seems, this simple incident of an answer to an invitation to dinner being sent to the wrong house has proved the cause of a conflagration the materials of which have long been laid. The literary folk have dipped their pens in gall for the coming combat, and the artists have drawn the mahstick and thrown away the palette. Never again, they say, will artists wrong their genius by permitting it to gild the author's paltry wares. They will not even draw another picture for the illustrated magazines; and what would *they* be (they would like to know) without them? They will henceforth only portray the author (and only portrait-painters know how vain he is) upon his own titlepage, so that he dare not send a presentation copy to his friends. "To your tents, O Israel!" is their cry. "To your canvases, O artists, and devote yourselves, in connection with 'letters,' solely to caricature!" The authors are equally resolute. "Never again," say they, "will we make a hero of an artist. He shall neither be beautiful nor accomplished: he shall not have 'a thoughtful face and far-away eyes': his coat shall not be velvet, but cotton-velvet: there shall be no more of that rubbish about his devotion to one mistress, 'Art,' and his indifference to a pretty girl. No duchess shall ever ask him to dinner; or, if she does, it shall be at the shortest notice, just to fill up the table, and he shall make no ridiculous excuses about its interference with his inspiration, but go at once, and be deuced glad. And he shall not lie down upon the clergyman's daughter's grave and take cold and die in the third volume, but marry a model, and take the consequences." Altogether, it promises to be a very pretty quarrel.

One of those gentlemen who are so much keener to detect the weaknesses of their contemporaries than to remedy them has been lately telling us, not a good story, but that no one in these times is able to tell a good story. There is no attractive conversation, it seems, now-a-days, of any kind, but especially of the narrative character. For my part, I make no pretence to be a judge of such things, and have often very likely been made to laugh when a wiser or more critical person would

have kept his countenance. But when this censor goes on to say that people now tell old stories where our ancestors used to tell new ones, I venture to think he is in error. The world is certainly more impatient, not only of ancient jests but of twice-told tales, than it used to be. The American social war-cry of "a chestnut, a chestnut" is a proof of it so far as our Transatlantic cousins are concerned, and many a legacy has been lost in this country through an injudicious yawn. What "grouse in the gun-room" was about nobody now knows, but it is certain that that narrative must have been repeated pretty often, though not, perhaps, with such appreciation as was pretended. As a matter of fact, indeed, our forefathers were very much given to this conversational weakness. Bubb Doddington fell asleep after dinner in company with Sir Richard Temple and Lord Cobham, with which his Lordship reproached him. "I have not been asleep," said Bubb; "and to prove it I will back myself to repeat all you have been saying." The wager was accepted, and he told a long story which Cobham had been telling. When he had pocketed his money, Bubb said: "Well, to confess the truth, I never heard one word of it. I went to sleep, because I knew, about this time in the evening, you would tell that story." So that his Lordship not only told old stories, it would seem, but they could be depended upon to appear at certain hours with the regularity of clockwork. We are surely never so bad as that now!

THE COURT.

Her Majesty, accompanied by the Grand Duke of Hesse, and Princess Henry of Battenberg and her children, left Windsor Castle on Dec. 18 for Osborne. Travelling over the Great Western and South-Western lines, the Royal train arrived at Clarence Yard, Gosport, half an hour after noon. Thence the Royal party crossed the Solent to Trinity Pier, East Cowes, and drove to Osborne House. The Queen and Princess Beatrice, who will shortly be joined by Prince Henry of Battenberg, are expected to reside in the Isle of Wight until about the middle of February, when the Court will return to Windsor Castle. Her Majesty's dinner party on the 20th included the Grand Duke of Hesse, Princess Beatrice, Prince Radolin, the Dowager Lady Churchill (Lady-in-Waiting), General the Right Honourable Sir Henry and the Honourable Lady Ponsonby, the Honourable Frederica Fitzroy, Baron Roeder, and Major-General Du Plat. The Grand Duke of Hesse took leave of her Majesty on the 21st on his return to Darmstadt. Prince Radolin also left Osborne. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and the Marquis of Lorne arrived at Osborne. Her Majesty and the Royal family and the members of the Royal Household attended Divine service at Osborne on Sunday morning, the 22nd. The Rev. Canon Prothero officiated.

The Queen has approved the appointment of Mr. Alexander Baird of Urie to be Lord Lieutenant of the county of Kincardine, in the room of the late Sir Thomas Gladstone. Her Majesty has also been pleased to approve the appointment of the Earl of Jersey to be Paymaster-General, in the room of Earl Brownlow.

The Prince of Wales on Dec. 20 terminated his visit to the Danish Minister and Madame De Falbe, and returned to London; and on the 22nd the Princess, accompanied by Prince George, took leave of the Danish Minister and Madame De Falbe, and joined the Prince at Marlborough House. The Prince witnessed the performance of "The Gondoliers" at the Savoy Theatre on the 20th. Next day the Prince attended the first smoking concert this season of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, which was held at St. James's Hall, the usual rendezvous of these entertainments (Princes' Hall) being otherwise occupied. There was a very large company to meet his Royal Highness. The Prince and Princess have proceeded to Sandringham to spend the Christmas there.

Prince Albert Victor arrived in Burmah on Dec. 20. The Municipality of Rangoon presented an address, to which the Prince replied that he had often heard of the Burmese as being among the most happy and prosperous of the Queen's subjects. We are requested to state that there is not the slightest foundation for the report which has appeared in certain newspapers to the effect that Prince Albert Victor will return from India at an earlier date than was originally settled.

Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) has sent £10 to the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association.

The Duchess of Albany, accompanied by Princess Alice and the young Duke of Albany, visited the Royal Hospital for Children and Women, Waterloo Bridge-road, on Dec. 20, and made a distribution of toys to the patients.

The Duke of Cambridge, who has been the guest of Lord Willoughby De Eresby at Grimsthorpe Castle, Lincolnshire, returned to London on Dec. 20.

Sir Henry Roscoe, M.P., distributed in the Public Hall, Preston, on Dec. 19, the prizes won by the successful students at the Harris Institute, Preston—an institute in which various science, art, and higher educational subjects are taught. Mr. W. Ascroft presided, and stated that there were close upon 2000 students in the institute.

The Earl of Zetland, the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the Countess of Zetland visited the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, on Dec. 18, to witness the performance of "The Private Secretary," by Mr. C. H. Hawtrey's company, and were received by the audience with hoarse cheers, general waving of hats, and other tokens of enthusiasm.—On the following day the Earl was presented, in the throne-room of Dublin Castle, with congratulatory addresses by the Dublin Chamber of Commerce and the Belfast Corporation. The first address dwelt on the efforts of the Government to improve the industrial resources of Ireland, including arterial drainage, and referred specially to the Light Railways Act. Lord Zetland, in reply, acknowledged the welcome given him as the representative of her Majesty, and for their loyal attachment to the Queen, adding that it was gratifying to him to receive such a loyal address from the metropolis of Ireland, and to learn how much the citizens sympathised with the policy of the Government in their determination to uphold the Union. The address presented by the Belfast Corporation expressed approval of the policy of the Government, and the belief that the protection of property depended on the firm administration of the law. Lord Zetland, in reply, cordially acknowledged the loyalty of the people of Ulster, and expressed his personal thanks for the appreciation of the efforts of the most able Chief Secretary, Mr. Balfour. Moreover, he regarded their expressions, not as the mere utterances of political partisans, but as the deliberate judgment of the representatives of those who, by their great enterprise, had made Ulster what it was. He assured them that the policy of the Government would not be changed.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

"Success in Life" is a popular subject with essayists; and this is not surprising, since it is a subject of universal interest. Everybody wishes to succeed, though people may differ widely in their opinion of what success means. All depends, I suppose, upon the view we take of life. With the larger number of persons in a commercial country success means money, and failure means a small income—although it may be large enough to satisfy the wants of its possessor. To die worth a million is regarded as an undoubted proof of a man's success in life. Those mysterious gentlemen who make fortunes "in the City," and who, like Dickens's Montague Tigg, are one day nearly penniless and the next day drive about in their broughams, are a puzzle to the staid old folk whose income comes to them once a quarter. Don't we all remember the Joneses, Smiths, and Thomsons, who, after living in a small mean way in a London suburb, suddenly burgeoned forth like chestnut-buds in spring, migrated with splendour to the West-End, and sent their girls to Paris and their sons to Harrow? Neighbours might wonder, or might envy them; but they could not question the outward and visible signs that marked success in life. The success might not in all instances be a token of true prosperity. "Some men," it has been said, "have plunged into a busy life and made a fortune in order to escape a dark memory," and a man may take to money-making when his best hopes have been cruelly blighted.

Nature seems to form some men for business, one might almost say from the cradle; they take to the high stool and the counting-house with the readiness of a baby to the bottle. They lisp in figures, and imitate at a humble distance the once famous calculating boy; they understand before they are out of their teens the terms used in the money market, and talk with an authoritative air of money stiffening in Paris and easing down in New York. These precocious youths are millionaires in embryo. They love business for itself possibly, and apart from its reward, but the reward comes at last, and, if the pressure of cares prevents them from enjoying life, it will be none the less acknowledged in the City when they come to die that their lives have been successful.

There are, on the other hand, a goodly number of men, even in England, who despise what they call mere money-making—the City man may say, because they do not understand the art. They will readily admit with one old poet that "gold is the strength, the sinews of the world," and with another that money is "the only power that mankind fall down before"; but they will not fall down before it themselves, or sacrifice for the sake of it what they regard as higher pleasures. To the poet, to the painter, to the man blessed with a genuine love of literature or science, success in life is something quite apart from the acquisition of wealth. Such men are glad to get money—and who is not? for money means a thousand things that make life brighter and more cheerful—but they give it a subordinate place. No artist worth his salt paints merely for money; no poet writes for it, or regards the gold he accumulates as the token of his success; no genuine man of letters works for it as his primary object. Yet men of this stamp are, above all others perhaps, eager for success in life. It may be an illusion to imagine that by picture, poem, or book they will live a double life, while the wealthy merchant or banker has but one; but it is the sweetest of illusions, and one for the loss of which no money can compensate. There is something wonderfully harmonious in the union of wealth and fame—to so happy an alliance nobody can object; but, just as Carlyle declared that we English people would part with our Indian Empire rather than part with Shakespeare, so will the man ambitious for distinction in art or letters think but little of material wealth in comparison with the golden delights of fame.

The success in life that results in leaving a large fortune is often due to sheer doggedness. A man with no other business faculty may have the limpet's faculty of sticking. His counting-house or shop is to him all in all. He does not care for recreation, he detests holidays, above all other books he loves his ledger, and no distraction of any kind is allowed to interfere with business. Wordsworth, though a poet, would have sympathised with this concentration of purpose, for he wrote a sonnet on his wedding-day; and I knew a City man, on a similar occasion, who spent the precious hours snatched from business in fixing shelves in a closet. A single day torn from money-making was a loss which not even matrimony could redeem. This fixity and limitation of purpose no doubt secures its object, but at the cost of everything else. Live for money, and it is probable, indeed almost certain, that you will gain money. But is the game worth the candle?

That wealth which bounteous Fortune sends
As presents to her dearest friends,
Is oft laid out upon a purchase
Of two yards long in parish churches.

said Butler, in the days when moneyed men, who had found little leisure for church-going in their lifetime, made up for the neglect by sleeping their last sleep under the feet of the clergy.

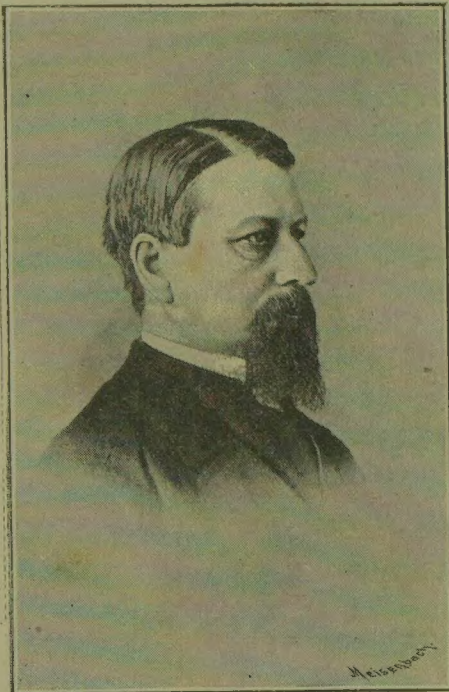
The possession of great ability is not a guarantee of worldly success. That depends more upon what may be called "staying power." Genius, unless it be of the first order, is rarely persistent. It loves to walk in devious ways, and does not keep to the high-road. It finds so much beauty in life, so many interests and charms, that money-making can never be an engrossing object. The poet needs money as much as the merchant or the banker; but he seldom knows how to win it. No doubt genius of the highest order is great all round, and men like Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Goethe would be able to keep their imagination in subjection instead of being its slaves. But poets of the second or third order have been rarely successful in the affairs of common life. Thomas Gray was supposed to be one of the most learned men in Europe—he was also an exquisite poet, but he understood no better than his contemporary Collins, the finest lyric poet of the century, the art of success in life. And that art was not acquired by Goldsmith or Cowper, Burns or Blake, Coleridge or Shelley; but when men aim at the stars it is idle to complain because they do not hit a target. Who cares to ask whether Dante and Cervantes, Molière and Shakespeare, Spenser and Milton were poor or wealthy, made money or lost it? There are realms of gold and many "goodly states and kingdoms" that are upheld without money, and in these such men reign supreme.

Unfortunately, few of us are able to gain even an inferior place in these "goodly states," and therefore we are to be congratulated perhaps if we have secured some sound investments in the English money market, and have a satisfactory balance at our banker's. It is infinitely better, no doubt, to be an artist or poet of high rank, a great statesman, or a great author than a millionaire; but poor fellows unblessed with genius, such as most of us are, cannot be choosers, so let us

be thankful for small mercies. If we cannot paint like Turner, or sing like Burns, or write splendid prose like Mr. Ruskin, or produce immortal romances by the score, like some redoubtable novelists of the day, we may yet feel some slight degree of satisfaction in the possession of a comfortable income. J. D.

THE LATE "CUTHBERT BEDE."

The Rev. Edward Bradley, Vicar of Lenton, near Grantham, who died recently, at the age of sixty-two, contributed much to popular literature, and was the "Cuthbert Bede" whose amusing sketches of a student's life at Oxford University, entitled "Verdant Green," were published in 1854. He was not, however, an Oxford University man, having owed his education to the University of Durham, where he was University scholar. After graduating, he was ordained in 1850,



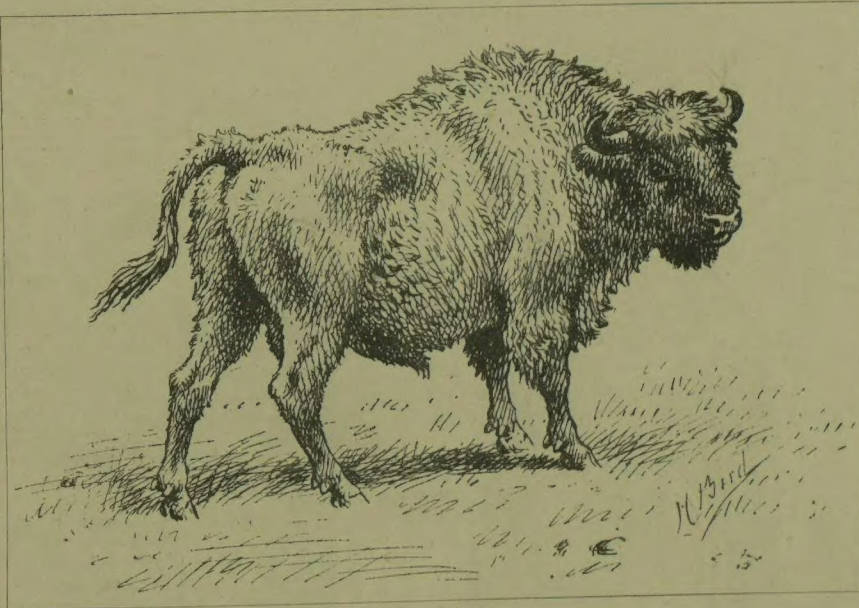
THE LATE REV. EDWARD BRADLEY,
"CUTHBERT BEDE."

and was successively Incumbent of Boblington, in Staffordshire (1857), Rector of Denton, Hunts (1859), Rector of Stretton, near Oakham (1871), and finally he was presented, in 1883, by Lord Aveland, to the Vicarage of Lenton. Long after the publication of "Verdant Green" Mr. Bradley wrote a sequel—"Little Mr. Bouncer" (1878), and the following are some of his other works: "Photographic Pleasures" (1855), "Nearer and Dearer" (1857), "Fairy Fables" and "Happy Hours" (1858), "Glencreggan" (1860), "Curate of Cranston" (1862), "Tour in Tartan Land" (1863), "The White Wife" (1864), "The Rook's Garden" (1865), "Matins and Muttons" (1866), and "Fotheringay and Mary Queen of Scots" (1866).

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Hill and Saunders, of Cambridge.

THE AUROCHS.

The Zoological Society of London has added to its collection, in the Regent's Park Gardens, a specimen of the Bonassus, Urus, or European bison, which anciently roamed in herds all over Northern and Central Europe, and in Britain, frequenting the forests in a wild condition, and of which the bones have often been found. The German name of this powerful beast, "aurochs," is derived from the Gothic words "ür," wild bull,



THE AUROCHS, OR EUROPEAN BISON, AT THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS.

and "ochso," the ox. The animal is nearly akin to the North American bison, usually called a buffalo. It is now preserved only in the forests of Lithuania belonging to the Emperor of Russia.

The annual meeting of the North London Rifle Club was held on Dec. 19 at the Cannon-street Hotel, Colonel Howland Roberts, of the London Irish Rifles, presiding. The report stated that the club was still increasing in numbers, and had been successfully worked during the past season. The championship had been won by Sergeant Fulton, of the Queen's Westminster, the Queen's Prize man of 1888, who had beaten all previous records. The other most prominent club marksmen of the year were Captain Cowan, of the Royal Engineers, and Mr. John Rigby, superintendent of the Enfield Small Arms Factory. The report and balance-sheet were adopted. Lord Wolseley was re-elected president, and the officers were reappointed. Lieutenant Pixley, of the Victorias, and Mr. Luff, of the London Rifle Brigade, took the places of Major Rodick and Mr. Fletcher on the committee.

A FLOWER SHOP AT SAN REMO.

The anxious sympathy with which public sentiment, through months of winter not long ago, watched in faint hopes and with increasing fears the fatal malady of the best and noblest of German Princes, at his abode of patient suffering on the Italian Riviera, made us sadly familiar with San Remo. That picturesque and romantic old town, situated on a rocky hill encompassed by the sheltering mountain ranges, amid delightful recesses filled with all the charming vegetation of a southern clime, the orange and lemon trees, the vine and the olive, and overlooking the fairest bay of the beautiful Mediterranean sea-coast, has been abundantly described, with the new town or suburb extending along the sunny shore, frequented by many families of our countrymen in preference to Mentone or Bordighera. The attractions of San Remo are the gift of Nature and not of Fashion; it is a place of healing repose and wholesome pleasure rather than of gay society: the soft fresh air, the bright and warm winter sunshine, the continued enjoyment of walks and rides and outdoor lounging, the variety of pleasant views on land and sea may be enough for some who dread an English winter. One of the delights of such visitors there is the unfailing sight of flowers, which in England belong only to the summer, or to conservatories where they are shut in from the sky and natural atmosphere. The Italians are not, indeed, such industrious and skilful gardeners as their French neighbours: they cultivate the rose, the jasmine, and the double violet for the manufacture of perfumes, not for their beauty. Many of our garden flowers, however, grow wild in the valleys and on the hill-slopes, and are gathered by children for sale in the streets and in the shops. In January and February there are plenty of fine blossoms of the heliotrope, iris, narcissus, tulip, camellia, different kinds of hyacinth, anemone, and some early daisies; the roses begin flowering in March. Our illustration shows one of the shops for the pleasant trade in these floral favourites, of which there is a constant supply.

MONTENEGRIN EMIGRANTS IN SERBIA.

It is stated in a Vienna newspaper of Dec. 17 that the Servian Government has decided to prohibit any further wholesale immigration of Montenegrins into the Servian frontier districts. Seven thousand eight hundred of these immigrants have already reached Serbia, while several thousands more were to follow. The famine in Montenegro was the cause of this movement; and measures were taken, both by the Servian Government and by the Sultan's Government in the Turkish districts through which the Montenegrins had to pass on their way to the more fertile lands eastward, to supply them with shelter and food. We regret to learn that the Montenegrins have behaved with insolent ingratitude, angrily refusing to enter the huts erected for them at the cost of the Servian Government, and in some cases violently taking possession of the cottages of Servian peasantry, whom they drove from their homes. Our Sketches of these scenes were made by a foreign correspondent.

MUSIC.

The prevalence of Christmas amusements and festivities brings the usual decline in the number of London musical performances. Important serial concerts are suspended until public attention is prepared to be again directed into its wonted channels. At present, therefore, there is not much to notify under the head of music; some notice, however, being due to performances that took place too late to be referred to before. The last Popular Concerts of the year at St. James's Hall were those of Saturday afternoon, Dec. 21, and Monday evening, Dec. 23. On the former occasion the programme was selected from Beethoven's works. The string quartet party was led, as before, by Madame Norman-Néruda, the pianist having been Sir Charles Hallé, and the vocalist Miss M. Hall. The last evening concert of the year was also of very strong interest, having comprised masterpieces that can never become too familiar. Madame Néruda was again the leading violinist, Mdlle. Janotha was the pianist, and Mdlle. Fillunger the vocalist. These excellent concerts will be resumed with the afternoon performance of Jan. 11, and the evening concert of Jan. 13.

A concert took place at the residence of Lord Brassey, 24, Park-lane, on Dec. 19, in aid of the Father Damien Memorial Fund. The programme offered many and varied attractions in the shape of vocal and instrumental performances; and it is to be hoped that the result of the concert may serve largely to further its excellent object.

The Royal College of Music gave a concert on Dec. 20, when Berlioz's sacred trilogy, "The Childhood of Christ," was performed; the orchestra, chorus, and soloists consisting of pupils of the institution. The work, which was well chosen for the season, contains some very fine music, and is far from being hackneyed.

Miss M. Jenkins (associate of the Royal College of Music) and Miss E. Dixon recently gave a concert at St. James's Hall, the programme having included their skilful performances respectively as pianist and harpist, and the co-operation of other artists.

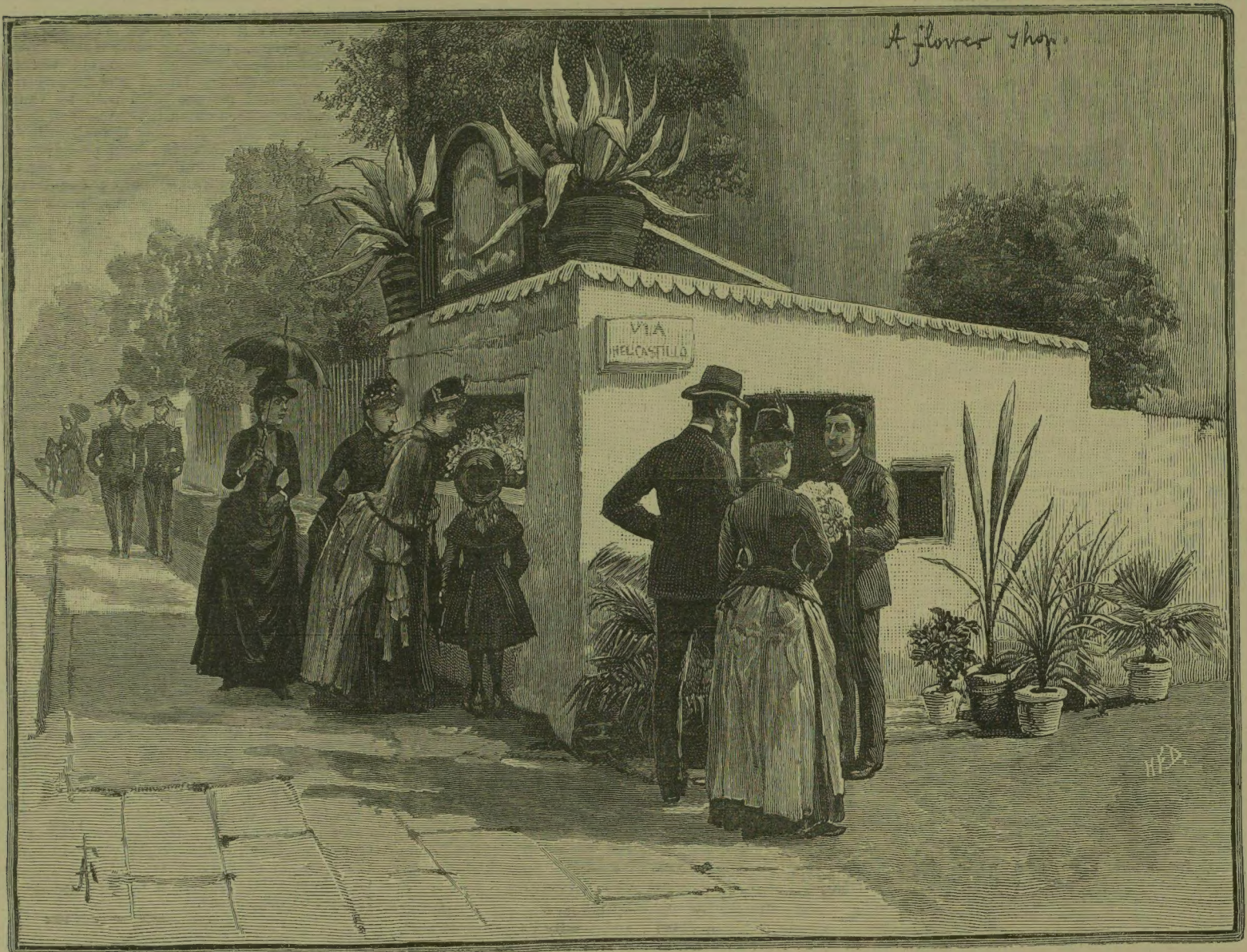
Boxing Day was celebrated, musically, by a miscellaneous concert at the Royal Albert Hall, the programme having included the co-operation of eminent vocalists and instrumentalists, Mr. W. Carter's well-trained choir, and the band of the Scots Guards.

The new year will open at once with the fourth performance of the nineteenth season of the Royal Choral Society, by which institution the "Messiah" will be given at the Royal Albert Hall on Jan. 1—the first of Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts of the year taking place on the afternoon of Jan. 4; after which musical activity will be soon resumed.

Herr Carl Formes—who died recently in America, at the age of seventy-nine—obtained great celebrity on the operatic stage, both in his native Germany and in Italian and German opera in this country, where he made his first appearance in 1849. He had a magnificent bass voice—somewhat rough, perhaps, in quality—and he possessed strong dramatic instincts. His last appearance in England was at the Crystal Palace in 1888. On the subsidence of his powers he established himself as a teacher of singing in America.

Mrs. Moscheles—widow of Moscheles, the eminent pianist and composer—died recently, aged eighty-four. She was an accomplished and amiable lady, with considerable musical attainments; and the long artistic and domestic life of the husband was largely and happily influenced by her.

Mr. Morton W. Smith, barrister, of the Middle Temple and the South-Eastern Circuit, has been appointed Recorder of Gravesend, in the room of Mr. S. G. Grady, who has resigned.



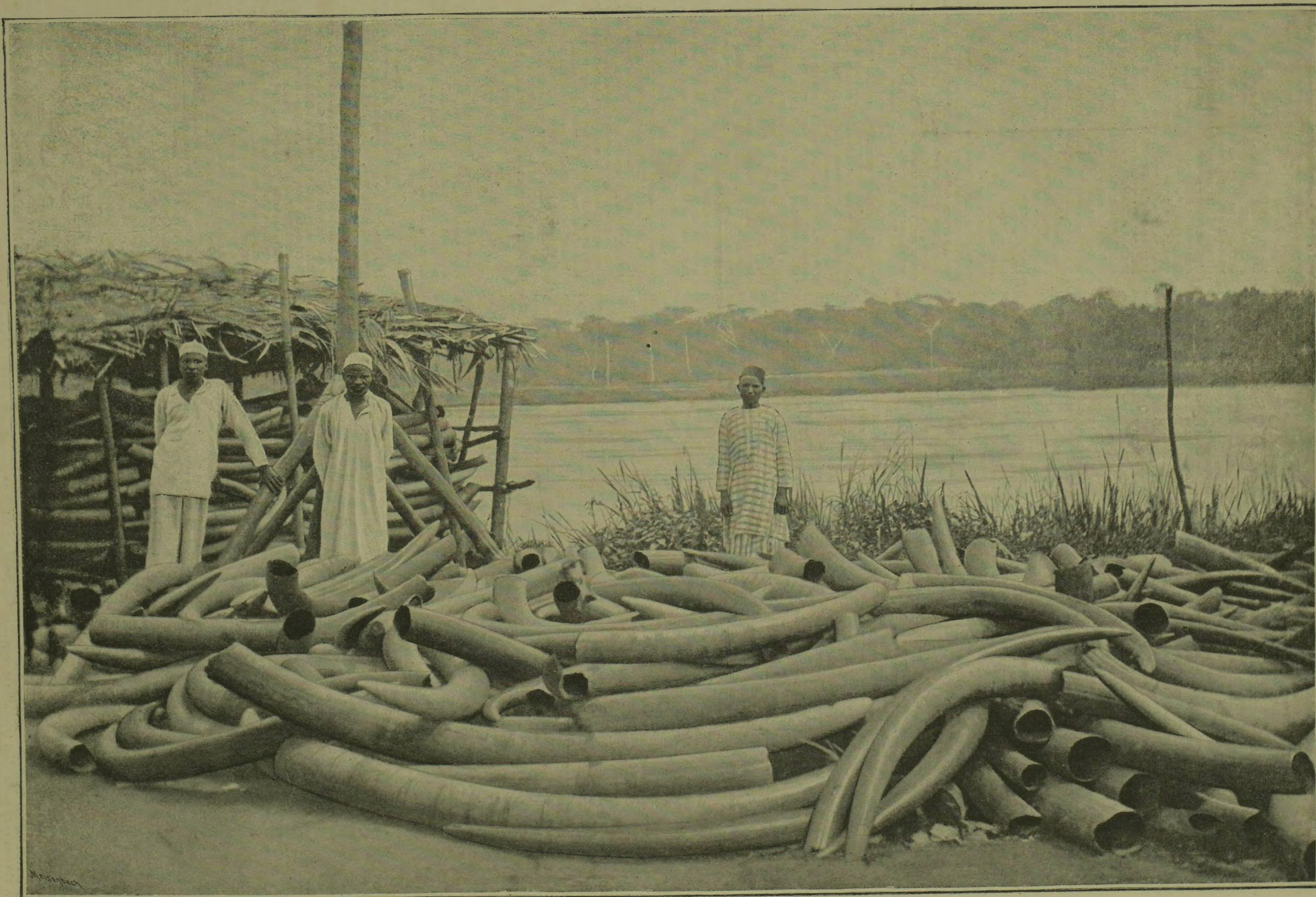
A FLOWER SHOP AT SAN REMO.

TURNING OUT VILLAGERS FROM THEIR HOMES.



REFUSING TO OCCUPY GOVERNMENT HUTS.

MONTENEGRIN EMIGRANTS IN SERBIA.



MR. H. M. STANLEY'S EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION: TIPPOO TIB'S IVORY STORE AT STANLEY FALLS.

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. HERBERT WARD, ONE OF THE EXPEDITION.

THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION. TIPPOO TIB'S IVORY.

At a banquet given in honour of Mr. Stanley and his last book on the Congo by his well-known publishers, who are now looking anxiously forward for the manuscript of his newest story of adventurous travel, Sir Edwin Arnold, in a pleasant postprandial speech, said: "There is one thing which I regret, that in the prospectus of Mr. Stanley's book it is mentioned, I think by way of additional attraction to merchants and traders of America and England, that there are in the Congo region fifteen thousand herds of elephants. I do, gentlemen, put in a plea for the elephants. I fear for them the exterminating influences of civilisation, and fear especially because I think in the near future the elephant ought to become the hansom cab of the Congo valley." For some time past, in the increased demand for ivory, there has been the double danger of a serious reduction of the elephant herds, and the extermination of certain tribes of natives, whose villages are raided by the Arabs, not only for the ivory, but for slaves. The civilised hunter would leave the natives not only unharmed, but he would pay them wages as carriers, and trade with them for such ivory as they have the opportunity to sell.

Until recently we had heard a great deal about Tippoo Tib's store of ivory—an enormous possession. Ward and other officers of the Belgian company saw it; and some of them could have related terrible tales of its history. There were tusks which told their own dark records, blackened with the fire of the burning villages from which they had been dragged; others stained by long burial in out-of-the-way places, and only unearthed by their wretched owners for the ransoming of wives and children. There may have been tusks, and no doubt there were, which had been obtained in the way of legitimate trade; but, as a rule, the ivory of the Arab hunter is plunder. It was a vast store, and of enormous value; but, having regard to Mr. Stanley's calculations as to the number of elephants in the Congo country, Sir Edwin Arnold at present need have no fear about their extermination. There are said to be about 200,000 elephants, in about 15,000 herds, in the Congo basin. Each carrying on an average about fifty pounds of ivory in his head, these represent in the European market £5,000,000. When Sir Edwin Arnold came to look into Mr. Stanley's notes on the ivory trade, he would no doubt be gratified to find that the very practical founder of the Free State gave rubber, palm oil, orchilla weed, and other products a higher commercial value than elephants. "If every warrior living on the immediate banks of the Congo and its navigable affluents—which are of the aggregate length of 10,800 miles, within easy reach of the trader above Léopoldville—were to pick about a third of a pound in rubber each day throughout the year, or to melt two thirds of a pound weight of palm-oil, and convey it to the trader for sale, £5,000,000 worth of vegetable produce could be obtained without exhaustion of the wild forest productions." At the same time, although limited as compared with other products, ivory remains a very valuable article of commerce. "If 200 tusks arrived per week at Stanley Pool, or say £260,000 per annum, it would still require twenty-five years to destroy the elephant in the Congo basin." This estimate will enable the reader to realise the value of Tippoo Tib's store, numbering hundreds of tusks averaging certainly not less than 50 lb. each in weight.

Mr. Johnston's experiences on his ascent of the Congo bear out other reports of the "happy hunting-ground." The elephant seems to be in full and haughty possession of plain and forest. Canoeing or steaming up the river, you see, every morning, the previous night's devastations of the elephants, who break and destroy much beautiful vegetation, and often waste more than they eat. They are much more commonly seen during the dry season, at which time, the smaller streams being exhausted, the elephants have to seek the Congo for their bath and their drink. "Although they are much more frequently met with above Stanley Pool, still in certain districts of the lower river they are common, especially in the cataract region. In the country opposite Isangila elephants have often been shot by members of Mr. Stanley's expedition; and at the Livingstone mission station of Banza Manteka, fifteen miles from the south bank of the Congo, elephants have at times trooped in long procession past the door of the mission-house, while the awe-stricken missionaries shut themselves up securely within."

During the summer of this year news was brought by the Congo mail that all was quiet, peaceful, and satisfactory at Stanley Falls; and this was, no doubt, as a correspondent of mine remarked at the time, true enough, for the Government of the Free State, either directly or indirectly, had enabled Tippoo Tib to sell his vast stock of ivory, a section of which is seen in the illustration on another page. "The Arabs," ran the dispatch, "are more submissive than ever"; and, indeed, the entire tone of the intelligence was of the most optimistic character, and with reason: the Arabs had had their own way, and had obtained a good price for their goods, Tippoo, above all, being entirely well satisfied. It has been said that the Congo State Government itself bought the ivory, justifying the transaction on the ground of policy and the necessity of a peaceful promotion of trade; but this may only be surmise, and it is not offered except in the way of marking the difficulties of the Government of the Congo Free State, which has to deal with a cunning power and one that is stronger than itself. When one is told that the Arabs are content and "more submissive than ever," one can only feel, in the present condition of affairs, that it must be going hard with somebody.

Some of the tusks of Tippoo Tib's store were of great weight, many of them running up to 90 lb. Mr. Johnston saw a tusk on the Congo weighing 93 lb. He heard of others of more than twice that weight, but neither saw nor believed in them. The largest tusk he ever saw was in West Africa (at Old Calabar), and it weighed 140 lb., and looked a monster. Mr. Johnston makes a curious and interesting statement, which should be eminently satisfactory to Sir Edwin Arnold. "Although the elephant is so abundant from Stanley Pool towards the interior, yet the natives, as far as I have yet ascended the river, never dreamt of attacking them, but received all their ivory from the Bangala of the Equator, who are also reported by the Ba-yanzi to get theirs from a yet more distant tribe; so that I shall not be surprised to learn that the same central region that sends its ivory to the Congo also supplies the merchants of the Shire and the Nile."

On referring to Mr. Werner's book on the Congo River I find that I have been unduly circumspect in regard to the State's dealings with Tippoo Tib. I am under the impression that it is not in accordance with the Treaty of Berlin that the State should be traders as well as governors; hence my reticence in using information directly implicating the Government in a big deal with Tippoo Tib. But here is Mr. Werner, who does not hesitate at all to mention the State as an ivory-buyer; and I learn from a reliable source that so much money has been expended in the work of government and the founding of stations that it is absolutely necessary that our Belgian friends should do all they can to develop and push the great staple trade of the country. "While at Bangala," says Mr. Werner, "I was for several months running

about in a steam-launch with an official of the State who was buying ivory; and I saw several tons of this beautiful substance purchased from the natives and sent down the country by the State, besides huge quantities on board the trading-steamers and in the factory stores." Mr. Werner finds in this an argument in favour of promoting by railway and improved routes every facility for natives to dispose of their goods. On their first visit to any village the ivory produced would be black and dirty on the outside as if it had been hidden in the bush or buried for years. But, going on buying from the same people, the ivory improved with each visit, and at last was quite fresh and white. Mr. Werner discusses several questions as to opening up ivory routes to the coast and increasing the means of improving the commercial methods of handling the tusks. As to what may be called "the ivory road" proper, it starts from Stanley Pool, passes through San Salvador, and debouches at Ambrizete, which is the outlet for the ivory trade, just as Ambriz is the great coffee port. If the Powers who are now competing for the control of the African country establish direct trade with the natives themselves, they will deal a heavy blow at slave-hunting; and, judging from some of the preceding statements, it would appear that the Congo Free State are now actively pursuing this policy. A free and open course of communication between the native hunter and the trader who does not deal in slaves is, at present, more or less of a dream, the realisation of which is, however, only a question of time.

JOSEPH HATTON.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

As a rule it is a dull theatrical time that precedes Christmas. It used to be said by managers in the old days that a week or so before the holidays people were saving up their money in order to go to the play when the Christmas dinner was over. Now-a-days, perhaps, some people have more money than they know what to do with, though it is not a common complaint. Anyhow, since last writing, we have had a new melodrama at the Princess's, a grand Shakspearean revival at the Globe, and a new matinee play, by the industrious and indefatigable Robert Buchanan, at the Criterion. They happened all to be successful, so managers and authors alike will spend their Christmas time in peace and prospective prosperity. Everyone in the wide world seems to enjoy this season of the year—except the critics. While others feast, they write incessantly.

A very capital melodrama of its class is "Master and Man," by Henry Pettitt and George R. Sims. For once in a way they have reversed the order of their names on the playbill. It used to be Sims and Pettitt: now it is Pettitt and Sims. I doubt not that there is some mysterious reason for this; but I, for one, cannot fathom it. All I know is that once on a time I got into a dreadful scrape, and was accused of Heaven only knows what crime, because I accidentally reversed these dramatic twins, and gave one credit for what the other claimed—because I gave one credit for the rare humour of his dialogue, and the other for his constructional ability. I refuse to be guided into that *impasse* again, but I suppose it will not offend one or other of the dramatic Dioscuri to tell them both that they have given their friends the public another capital play. It is a most appetising holiday dish. Mr. Henry Neville, who does not look a day older than when he created Bob Brierly in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" in old Olympic days, is once more a virtuous artisan. He is gay and gallant. He loves the village rose, a fair-haired school-mistress who walks about the country lanes in a frock that would be the envy of a duchess, all dove-coloured cashmere and "box-pleated" muslin fichu! A splendid hero is Henry Neville. He salutes his lady-love with a flourish and an air that vastly offends his master at the iron works and the lame foreman, for the very good reason that master and foreman are both in love with the schoolmistress in the dove-coloured gown. Henry Neville's professional and scientific skill do not save him from social ruin. He has plans and inventions "with a fortune in them" which he keeps unpatented and locked up in an old bureau while he goes philandering after the school-mistress. But his enemies are too much for him. He is accused of a murder, and sent to penal servitude, although Mr. J. H. Barnes gallantly owns that he was the real murderer, and the dapper Neville is forced to make love in a hideous prison suit spotted over with broad arrows like an underdone Christmas pudding. As to Mr. Robert Pateman, there never was such a deformed scoundrel, mental and bodily. With him the course of true love runs uncommonly crooked—so twisted indeed that, had it not been for the gallant interference of the manly Neville, this cringing Humpy Logan would have been flung into the fiery furnace and treated like an insignificant lump of Wallend. But the new edition of Quilp and Danny Mann repents and confesses. The villainous ironmaster is handcuffed, and Henry Neville, the hero, is reunited to Miss Bella Pateman, the charming heroine. But there is plenty of fun in the play as well as horror. There are real bulldogs, which are set upon unprotected men, and acrobats, and jealous "dudes," and cheery landladies—in fact, a kind of pleasant combination of Boucicault and Charles Dickens. The new play has two other very strong merits. It has been capitally rehearsed, and it is extremely well acted. Not always do we find together such experienced and popular artists as Henry Neville, Bella Pateman, J. H. Barnes, Robert Pateman, and Fanny Brough. It is a treat to meet with them again, for they all know their business, and come as a relief to the amateurishness with which the modern stage is flooded. Their presence and encouragement is of great gain, also, to the youngsters, for Mr. E. W. Gardiner and Mr. Sidney Howard have seldom been seen to such advantage. A play well made and well acted seldom fails to be profitable, and I should not be surprised to find "Master and Man" a great success.

Mr. F. R. Benson, the young Oxford athlete, scholar, and enthusiast, has kept his word, and after a long apprenticeship in the country has brought his Shakspearean Company to the Globe. The theatre has been reopened under his management with a beautiful series of pictures representing Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." It is quite evident that now-a-days audiences like pretty stage pictures quite as much as good acting. Those assembled on the first night applauded just as much as the boys did in the days of the celebrated revivals by Phelps and Charles Kean. If we carry our minds as far back as the Charles Kean revivals of Shakspeare at the old Princess's Theatre, we shall recall the fact that the great charge against Charles Kean was that he preferred the art of archaeology to the art of acting. He was sneered at for the drama of upholstery. And yet, forsooth, there were names of actors to conjure with in the despised days of 1856, when Kean revived the "Midsummer Night's Dream" in a manner that could only be done now at the Lyceum. The drama of upholstery, indeed! Why, "honest Jack" Ryder played Theseus, and J. F. Catcart, Lyssander; and Frank Matthews, F. Cooke, Harley, Saker, and Drinkwater Meadows were all among the clowns; and Miss Murray (now Mrs. Samuel Brandram) was Hippolyta; and Nellie Bufton, Hermia; and Miss Heath, of the lovely hair (afterwards Mrs. Wilson Barrett), Helena; and Miss F. Ternan, Oberon; and the lovely Carlotta Leclercq, Titania;

and, ye gods! Ellen Terry, the most delicious Puck in all fairy-land; and Kate Terry, one of the fairies in Titania's dance; with Marion Taylor and Laura Honey for the Singing Fairies! The drama of upholstery, indeed! Well, it would be difficult to match such a cast as that in these enlightened days, and everyone of them able to speak Shakspeare as if they had imbibed it with their mother's milk. "What on earth are they applauding for?" asked an old actress who passed me as we were going out. "Do they like the acting, or what is it?" How could I answer? I have not the slightest notion what they were applauding for, possibly because they had enjoyed the Liberty silks and the bright colours, the fairy pyramid lamps among the green leaves, the elves and Pucks and the pantomime fairies. Assuredly they could have heard or understood but little of the text. I was subsequently told that they applauded because the æsthetes thought it all "most good," and wagged their heads as if they were in the presence of an artistic revelation, and some thought that the applause was due to the fact that there were so many pretty ladies on the stage. It may be so. But, upon my word, the group of 1856 that contained Caroline Heath, Nellie Bufton, Carlotta Leclercq, Kate and Ellen Terry, and Miss Ternan was not to be despised; whereas mere prettiness had the strong support of elocutionists and actors like Ryder, Graham, Catcart, Butler, Frank Matthews, Meadows, and John Pitt Harley! All these actors and actresses had been to school—that is to say, they had "sat under" those educated and trained in the art of acting Shakspeare. Mr. Benson and his company have been to the provinces, but all they have got there is practice, not observation. Anyhow, the dresses and the scenery gained the day, and the acting was never even asked for. The manager and the music won without effort, and nobody seemed to care that the text was depoliticised and deflowered.

I may be wrong, but I think I scent in the air a reaction against the modern craze for over-decoration in order to conceal the weakness of our dramatic fabric. We are treating the old drama as the modern lady does her washstands, old chairs, and rickety furniture. We are veneering over our actors with Aspinall and our actresses with Liberty stuffs. Bows and ribbons, flounces and fal-lals and furbelows, are pulled over weak-kneed actors and uneducated actresses. As sure as fate this Aspinalling system will sooner or later come to an end, in the matter of Shakspeare at any rate. Already there are sounds of reaction. Already we hear of artistic protests for more Shakspeare and less scenery, for more power and less paint, for more acting and less Aspinall! No one can tell when the reaction will come, but it is inevitable so long as young, clever, and scholarly managers like Mr. Benson honestly think that money is far better spent in silks and satins than in elocution lessons, and that the binding of the book is of far more importance than the book itself. We must see what education will do. In days when the whole of Shakspeare can be bought for sixpence, it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that some "benighted beings" in the cheaper seats will have some fancy for demanding the matter of Shakspeare as well as his manner. Meanwhile, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is bound to be a holiday success, because it is so prettily adorned. The children will be taken to see the fairies and the pyramid night-lights, the musicians will be delighted at the pantomime concert with a rich feast of Mendelssohn music, the modern youth nurtured in the music-hall will roar with laughter at the rehearsal of the play within the play, and the droll antics of Bottom the Weaver, and scream with delight at the "property" ass's head; and as to the old-fashioned craze-mongers, who believe that with the aid of elocution the music and the magic of the text of Shakspeare can be elicited, why, they can go hang. They are not worth one moment's consideration to the modern manager! I have so overrun the space allotted to me that I must reserve for another occasion my remarks about Mr. Robert Buchanan's social dramatic play called "Man and the Woman," recently produced at a Criterion matinee. It is a "play with a purpose," and a very serious piece of work indeed—in fact, so serious and argumentative that the Ibsenites have almost forgiven their enemy "the cuttlefish." He has wiped the ink stains off their fingers! C. S.

At the last meeting of the Freemasons' Board of Benevolence for the year £782 were voted, in various amounts, to thirty-two petitioners. During the past twelve months about £8000 have been granted by the board for the relief of distress.

By the special desire of the late Rev. John Turner, who, as Curate of Whitby, had observed the efforts of the Missions to Seamen to benefit deep-sea fishermen in the North Sea, his mother has presented £2200, in memory of her son, to the Missions to Seamen, 11, Buckingham-street, Strand, London.

Mr. Whitaker's excellent and widely known Almanack for 1890 has made its appearance, corrected and enlarged, and posted up to the latest date. Besides all the calendars and customary useful articles it has opened new headings—as the "Administration of India," "Submarine Navigation," "The Irish Constabulary," "The Presbyterian Church," and so forth.

At Newmarket, on Dec. 18, the whole of the Mereworth Stud, the property of the late Lord Falmouth, was sold, at prices ranging from 2700 guineas to 110 guineas. The highest price was for Madge Wildfire, a yearling, bought by Captain Machell; one mare sold at 2000 guineas, three others for above this price; while six others of the stud fetched above 1000 guineas each. There was a large attendance of buyers.

Mr. White, Chief Constructor to the Navy, presented the prizes at the Bow and Bromley Institute on Dec. 20: among them were the awards to students in naval architecture, a class recently established by the Shipwrights' Company. Mr. White expressed a hope that the company might give the students an opportunity to continue their studies at one or other of the naval schools.

At the Hôtel Métropole, on Dec. 19, the forty-fourth anniversary dinner of the Commercial Travellers' Schools was held, under the presidency of Mr. Edward Tozer, J.P., of Sheffield. The financial statement showed that the income for the year had been £13,530. The health of the children during the year had been remarkably good. The education of the children also continued in the most satisfactory condition. Ninety-two candidates were presented for the South Kensington Science and Art Examination in May, and all but three passed. There are now 370 children in the schools. Subscriptions to the amount of over £2000 were announced.

The Duchess of Montrose went to Glasgow for the express purpose of assisting at the bazaar in aid of the new Students' Union, and stayed at the University as the guest of Professor Story. Her Grace assisted Mrs. Story at her stall, which represented the native Transferrana. The Queen sent Mrs. Story a contribution of photographs of herself and members of the Royal family, taken from negatives in her Majesty's possession. The bazaar was opened by the Earl of Stair, reopened next day by Professor Caird, and on the following day by Sir Archibald Campbell of Blythswood and the Lord Provost of Glasgow.

ART BOOKS.

Manual of Ancient Sculpture. By Pierre Paris. Translated and Augmented by Miss J. E. Harrison. (London: H. Grevel and Co.)

Manual of Greek Archaeology. By M. Collignon. Translated and Enlarged by Miss J. E. Harrison. (London: H. Grevel and Co.)

The publication of these two useful handbooks in a form accessible to English readers is a boon which will be widely appreciated in this country, and even more in America, where archaeological studies enter more systematically into the ordinary curriculum of education than has hitherto obtained with us. M. Paris's connection with the French school at Athens gave him special facilities for enlarging our knowledge of the most recent discoveries in Greece, and of assigning with some degree of assurance more accurate dates and names to the numerous treasures which had so long been treated in a somewhat haphazard fashion by even intelligent writers. But the rapid development of the art of "treasure-hunting" has already left M. Paris somewhat in the rear, and Miss Harrison's additions to and amplifications of the original text are, therefore, more than usually welcome. The plan, however, of Paris's handbook is left untouched. He follows the now recognised order of procedure in art-history. To Egypt, "the mother of civilised nations," the first place is assigned, and as one looks upon the massive grandeur of her Sphinx, the submissiveness of the kneeling scribe, or the humorous vivacity of the slave baker, one is astonished at the range of plastic art in that country: yet we are told we only know the decadence. Under the head of Mesopotamia, M. Paris classes the art of Chaldaea and Assyria, two successive phases of an art which shows no sign of movement. Whether it died in its infancy from natural causes or was circumscribed by the conditions of its existence—religion and royalty—is a question which may be left to archaeologists to decide. To us its monotony and immobility are patent. But we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that Chaldaeo-Assyrian art was an important factor in the art-history of the world. Those restless traders, the Phœnicians, who can never have found time to settle anywhere to establish an art of their own, were prompt in scattering specimens of their neighbours' handicraft over the western world. Their original island home of Bahrein (if the latest theory of their place of origin is to be accepted) was lying within easy reach of Bagdad and Bassorah, and they might well have carried round by the Red Sea the work and workers of those cities; and in Cyprus these found a people eager to profit by the instruction they could give. The researches of General Cesnola satisfactorily established the Assyrian origin of Cypriot sculpture, and, whatever secondary or moderating influence may have been exercised by Medea and Persia, it may be assumed, in general terms, that Greek art drew its first inspiration from Cyprus, unless we are prepared to accept the ingenious theory of its Lycian origin, passing to Greece by way of Crete.

So far Miss Harrison follows M. Paris without question, and allows him to tell his story in his own clear methodic fashion; but, with the commencement of Greek art, Miss Harrison brings to the aid and amplification of the original text the fruits of her own observation and of the labours of others. The museums of Athens and other cities of Greece are rapidly acquiring specimens of archaic and later work which in some degree modify M. Paris's conclusions, and of all such discoveries, where the authorities are in accord, Miss Harrison incorporates the results in the text. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that the actual alterations and additions made by the translator are not clearly shown, but anyone desirous to see how much in this way has been done will doubtless have the curiosity to compare the present volume with the original. In one special case Miss Harrison gives her own view, which is in opposition to that of M. Paris and many others. She will not allow the so-called "Venus of Milo," the glory of the Louvre, to be an Aphrodite at all—"but a Victory, and a work—possibly the copy of an earlier original—not to be dated before the second century B.C." We have no need to trace again the familiar history of the development of Greek sculpture from the early artists of Mycenae to the latest purely Greek school of Pergamos (or Pergamon, as it was more frequently called in classic times). Henceforward the influence of Rome was to be traced, even in such early works of the school of Rhodes as the well-known Laocoon; and for Græco-Roman sculpture Miss Harrison has no admiration. This chapter, therefore, is naturally the least exhaustive; but we are tempted to agree with her that the study of ancient sculpture may well end with the history of Greek independence.

Of M. Max Collignon's manual of Greek mythology we had occasion to speak on its first appearance as one of the most valuable volumes of the *Librairie de l'Art*, published by M. Quantin under the auspices of the French Minister of Fine Arts. Of the scope of the work it is therefore unnecessary to speak. Miss Harrison has treated M. Collignon's handbook in a similar way to that explained with reference to M. Paris's work, and if possible she seems to have lavished greater care and wider reading upon the mythology, for it has enabled her to apply her almost unrivalled knowledge of vase-painting to the subject. In this respect, therefore, the English version will possess undoubted advantages over the French original. We cannot so cordially welcome Miss Harrison's desire to acclimatise the word "Mythography," which, in spite of the imprimatur of German professors, has an uncouth sound to our ears, and adds one more horror and deterrent to plain-speaking students. Its application to M. Collignon's handbook would, moreover, be wholly out of place, if any regard is to be paid to the conditions under which the series of which it forms part was originally issued.

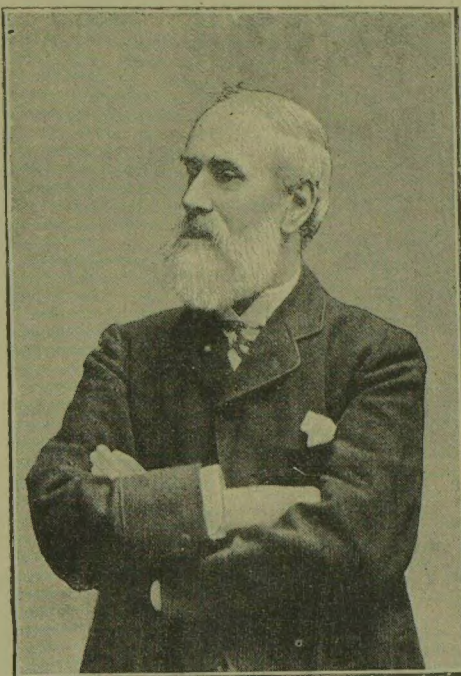
In conclusion, we should say a word in praise of the admirable style in which both these volumes are offered to the English public. The illustrations, which are more numerous than in the French originals, are bright, and are executed in most cases on a scale to afford real illustration to the text, which is, in its turn, clear and readable. We also re-echo Miss Harrison's satisfaction that by the help of her fellow-worker, Miss M. Brodrick, the ancient names of persons and places have been stripped of their French disguise, and restored as nearly as possible to their Greek equivalents in English garb.

A meeting of representatives of several public schools was held on Dec. 20 at the Charing-Cross Hotel, Lord Wantage presiding, when it was resolved to hold a camp of the Public Schools Cadet Corps at Churn, Berkshire, in July 1890.

At St. Peter's, Eaton-square, on Dec. 18, the marriage of Mr. Clarence Granville Sinclair, eldest son of Sir J. G. Toller-mache Sinclair of Ulster and Thurso Castle, and Miss Mabel Sands, daughter of the late Mr. Mahlon Sands of New York, was solemnised. The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. Henry Sands of New York; a cousin of the bridegroom, Captain Hugh M. Sinclair, was best man. There were no bridesmaids, as, on account of the recent death of the bridegroom's mother (Lady Sinclair), the ceremony was very quiet.

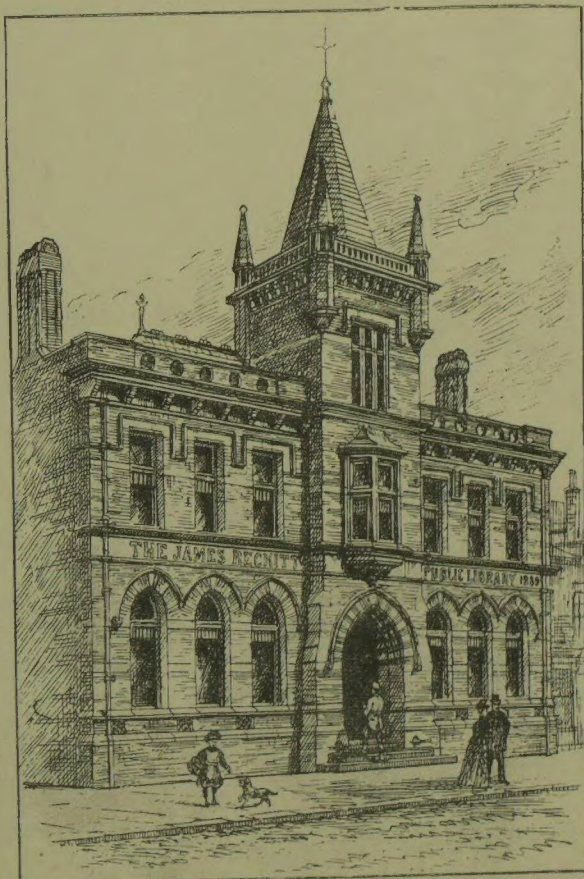
JAMES RECKITT PUBLIC LIBRARY, HULL.

A judicious and handsome gift to that part of the town of Hull east of the river was made, early in the year 1889, by Mr. James Reckitt, J.P., of Swanland Manor, a gentleman largely connected with the trade of the town. On three occasions since 1857 proposals to adopt the Free Libraries Act had been rejected by the votes of the ratepayers, and Mr. Reckitt, therefore, wishing to prove that a public library could be



MR. JAMES RECKITT, OF SWANLAND MANOR, HULL.

maintained out of a rate of 1d. in the pound, liberally offered to subscribe an amount equal to a penny rate on the whole of the property in the borough on the east side of the river Hull, on the understanding that the principal and interest should be repaid in thirty years in the manner provided by the Free Libraries Act. The rateable value of the property on the east side of the river Hull is about £126,700, and a penny rate produces £528 per year. It will thus be seen that Mr. Reckitt's gift to the town amounts to over £10,000, as this amount capitalised would not yield his intended annual contribution of £528. It may be mentioned that the population in East Hull is about 40,000. In the event, at any time, of the Public Libraries Act coming into force in Hull, Mr. Reckitt will hand over to the town, free of charge, the building and books. The town, of course, would then provide for the maintenance out of the Library rate. To provide for the initial expenses Mr. Reckitt has made other payments, augmenting his gift to about £12,000. There will be a reference and lending library, and a reading-room where the magazines and newspapers can be perused. It is anticipated that there will be about 8000 volumes, and it is intended to have a series of books as far as practicable treating of the local industries. The site of the library is the plot of ground known as Kerman's-square, Holderness-road, and is close to the East Hull Liberal Club, almost in the centre of the Eastern Division. The style of architecture is Gothic, with pointed arches and simple mouldings. The front elevation is evenly balanced, having a deeply recessed arch in the centre forming the entrance, with three arched windows on each side. The same arrangement of windows is continued on the first floor, and in the centre over



THE JAMES RECKITT PUBLIC LIBRARY, HULL.

the doorway is a bold oriel window, above which is a three-light mullioned and transformed window, and the four corners of the tower, 65 ft. high, have octagonal stone turrets, and a stone parapet above the main cornice. The internal arrangement is most commodious and suitable. The architect is Mr. W. Alfred Gelder, A.R.I.B.A., M.S.A., of 12, Bowalley-lane, Hull; the contractor is Mr. F. Blackburn, of Peel-street, Hull, with his sub-contractors.

A BALLOON ADVENTURE AT GIBRALTAR.

An interesting balloon ascent was performed, on Dec. 7, by the aeronautic Professor Dale and four officers of the British garrison at Gibraltar—Captain Fitzpatrick, Lieutenants Fowler, Greenfield, and Webb, taking with them "the dog Charlie." The wind did not allow them to cross the Strait to Africa; but, after drifting eastward, passing Cabrera Point, and gaining a view of the Mediterranean coast of Spain for about forty miles towards Malaga, rising to a height of 5600 ft., it was considered prudent to descend for the purpose of getting into an opposite lower current of air. This manoeuvre was successful; and the balloon, which bears the name of Victoria, then travelled westward at the speed of eight miles an hour, crossing the Bay of Gibraltar and reaching the mountains to the south of Algeiras, opposite to "the Rock." The place where Professor Dale and his companions struck the land was 1000 ft. above the sea-level, between the mountains Comache and Algarrobo, among massive boulders and thorny shrubs. It rebounded from the ground, cleared a few trees, and landed again 200 yards higher up; when the gas was discharged, the car rolled over on the steep side of the hill, throwing its passengers and contents into a strange confusion of arms, legs, heads, flasks, revolvers, and various loose articles, to say nothing of the dog. Spanish peasants soon came up, and offered to carry the balloon down to the Tarifa road for an extortionate payment; but two of the Guardia Civil, Sergeant Gomez-Fernandez and Fabian Gil Lopez, interfered to moderate this demand. These brave and honest Spanish soldiers, who came up at the request of Martin, the courier, sent round to make preparations for the descent, willingly rendered assistance, refusing any pecuniary reward. They escorted the balloon and the Englishmen to Algeiras, whence the balloon was conveyed on mule-back to Tarifa; and the party passed a comfortable night in that town, riding back to Gibraltar next day. We have to thank Lieutenant Poulett Weatherley, Adjutant of the South Staffordshire Regiment, for the sketches of this adventure.

OBITUARY.

LADY DYNEVOR.

The Right Hon. Selina, Lady Dynevor, died at Dynevor Castle, Llandilo, South Wales, on Dec. 16, aged forty-eight. Her Ladyship was the third daughter of the Hon. Arthur Lascelles of Norley, Cheshire, by Caroline Frances, his wife, daughter of Sir Richard Brooke, Bart. She married, Feb. 4, 1869, the Hon. De Cardonnel Rice, who succeeded to the Barony of Dynevor at the death of his father, and is the present Lord. The issue of the marriage is one son and three daughters.

SIR C. FARQUHAR SHAND.

Sir Charles Farquhar Shand, LL.D., formerly Chief Justice of the Mauritius, died suddenly on Dec. 15 at Brighton. He was the third son of the Rev. James Shand of Marykirk, in the county of Kincardine, and was born in 1812. He was educated at Edinburgh University, studied law at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the Bar. He was counsel for the Lords of the Treasury, and Commissioner of Woods and Forests in Scotland from 1857 till 1860, and in the latter year was appointed Chief Justice of the Mauritius and Judge of the Admiralty Court. These appointments he held until 1879. Sir Charles was the author of "The Practice of the Court of Session," and was a member of the Scotch Faculty of Advocates. He was knighted in April 1869. In 1850 he married his cousin Margaret, daughter of the late Colonel Lee Harvey of Castle Semple, in the county of Renfrew, but Lady Shand died in 1877.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. Francis George Howard, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, Censor of Non-Collegiate Students, on Dec. 11.

Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham, died at Bournemouth on Dec. 21, at the age of sixty-one. His memoir will be given in our next number.

The Rev. Charles Edward Palmer, M.A. Camb., formerly University Browne Scholar, at Palmer House, Torrington, on Dec. 14, in his ninetieth year.

Sarah Joanna, Lady Webster, widow of Sir Godfrey Vassall Webster, Bart., of Battle Abbey, and previously of Hon. Charles Ashburnham, on Dec. 19, aged eighty-two.

Mr. Granville Pelham Beauchamp, next brother of the present Sir Reginald Proctor-Beauchamp, Bart., of Langley Park, at Santa Monica, California, aged thirty-four.

Mr. John Borlase of Pendeen and Castle Horneck, Cornwall, J.P., late Captain Minas Artillery, on Dec. 4, aged sixty. He was a descendant of a very ancient family, two of whom sat in Parliament temp. Richard II. and Henry VI.

Mrs. Milner-Gibson (Isidore), wife of Mr. J. J. A. Milner-Gibson of Theberton House, Suffolk, on Dec. 6. She was eldest daughter of the Hon. George M. Parsons of Columbus, Ohio, U.S., and was married Dec. 17, 1874.

Colonel John Edmund Harvey, late of the 41st Regiment, on Dec. 17, at his residence, Springfield, Taplow. Colonel Harvey, who served in the Crimea, and retired in 1880, was sixty-one years of age.

The Rev. Richard Earnshaw Roberts, Rector of Richmond, Yorkshire, for twenty-eight years Canon of Ripon Cathedral, and Rural Dean of West Richmond, on Dec. 10, in his eightieth year.

The Very Rev. Henry J. Neville, Dean of Cork, a distinguished Catholic divine, on Dec. 15, aged sixty-seven. He was at one time Rector of the Roman Catholic University, and received the dignity of Monsignor from his Holiness the Pope.

Mr. Thomas Webster Rammell, the eminent civil engineer, at Watford on Dec. 3, aged seventy-five years. He was son of the late Mr. Gibbon Rammell of Street and Dandelion, Isle of Thanet. Mr. Rammell was a pupil of the Stephenson's, and was engineer on the Chester and Crewe Railway 1839-40. He was afterwards for many years connected with the General Board of Health under Sir Edwin Chadwick, and carried out many important works for drainage and water supply at Salisbury, Dover, and elsewhere. In 1860 Mr. Rammell invented and patented the Pneumatic Tube Railway System, and later on the Impulse System for short railway service. Mr. Rammell was a member of the Reform Club since 1851.

Principal Inspector-General of Hospitals James Shaw, F.R.C.S., in his eighty-first year. Mr. Shaw belonged to the Madras Medical Department, and during Lord Elphinstone's government of the Presidency was appointed surgeon to the Governor and the Governor's bodyguard. Subsequently he was appointed Government oculist, with the charge of the Eye Infirmary, and held this appointment for many years, and, at the same time, acquired a large private practice in Madras. He took a great interest in the medical education of the youth of India, and when the Madras Medical School was raised to the dignity of a college he was selected by the Government as the first Principal of the institution. Mr. Shaw rose in due course to the highest position attainable, and finally retired from the service of the Indian Government in 1867.



1. The Car and its occupants.

2. Landed!

3. En route to Tarifa.

PROFESSOR DALE'S BALLOON ADVENTURE AT GIBRALTAR.



SNAPDRAGON.—DRAWN BY G. NICOLET.



"WHAT'S LEFT"; OR, CRUMBS FROM THE RICH MAN'S TABLE: SKETCH OUTSIDE A FISHMONGER AND POULTERER'S SHOP.

DRAWN BY EVERARD HOPKINS.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

Some Places of Note in England. Twenty-five Drawings by Birket Foster. (Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington.)—These views, by an eminent artist, need scarcely any other commendation than his name. They are reproduced in lithograph plates by Messrs. Maclure and Co., which would be more effective if they were not too small, each occupying the centre of a folio page, opposite to which are printed a few lines of descriptive notes, written also by Mr. Birket Foster. The subjects are interesting: Bamboorough Castle, in Northumberland; Berkeley Castle, Gloucestershire; Bolton Abbey or Priory, Yorkshire; King's College and its Chapel, Cambridge; Canterbury, from St. Martin's Church; Carisbrook Castle; the Rows at Chester; Eton College; Haddon Hall; Hampton Court; Hastings Castle; Knaresborough; Lambeth Palace; the High-street, Oxford; Richmond Bridge, on the Thames; the Church of Stratford-on-Avon; Tewkesbury Abbey; the Tower of London; Tilbury Fort; Warwick Castle; Westminster Hall and Abbey; Winchester; Windsor Castle; Woodstock; and York Minster, with Bootham Bar, one of the city gates of York.

The Seine and the Loire. Illustrated after Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., with introduction and descriptions by M. B. Huish. (J. S. Virtue and Co.)—The editor of the *Art Journal*, Mr. Huish, in his useful introductory chapter, reminds us that Turner's views of the Loire and the Seine were originally published from 1833 to 1835, by Charles Heath, as steel-plate line-engravings, in a series called "Turner's Annual Tour," following that of his "Picturesque Views of England and Wales." Of the original drawings, thirty-five are in the National Collection, besides many slighter sketches, and some others are in the University Galleries at Oxford. The engravings, by R. Brandard, W. Miller, J. Cousen, R. Wallis, Higham, and others, were very finely executed on a small scale. Many of them were republished in the *Art Journal*, and they now form an acceptable collection, in this volume, to the number of sixty-one. Some elderly persons may find that these views have not so much power to charm their eyes and fancy as they had forty years ago, when they were greatly admired. But those of Rouen, and the Seine both up and down, Quillebeuf, Caudebec, Jumièges, Château Gaillard, and other scenes in that part of Normandy, then made an impression which was confirmed by seeing the places; and it is the same with the Loire. In these works, moreover, some of the great landscape artist's peculiar excellences as a draughtsman, especially in dealing with clouds and skies, rolling woods, and lights and shadows on water, are displayed with good effect.

The Art Journal: New Series. Vol. for 1889. (J. S. Virtue and Co.)—This handsome volume of an old first-class magazine, which promises still greater special improvements next year, under its present editorship, compares most advantageously with the yearly volume for 1879; it contains 418 pages, with over 450 illustrations, reproduced in line-engraving, etching, photogravure, chromo-lithography, and wood-engraving, while the price has been reduced forty per cent. The etchings, and the copies of pictures or drawings, are good examples of contemporary art, while the literary contributions are useful and agreeably written. The *Art Journal*, established in 1839, was edited during nearly forty-two years by the late Mr. S. C. Hall, who retired in 1880.

The Portfolio: An Artistic Periodical, edited by Philip Gilbert Hamilton. (Seeley and Co., Limited.)—The literary and artistic contents of this year's volume of *The Portfolio*, a magazine by one of the most accomplished and engaging writers on subjects interesting to lovers of art, of nature, and of social humanity, are choice and good as in former years, which its monthly publication has regularly helped to cheer in the homes of tranquil taste. The two frontispieces are Van Eyck's fine portrait of a Flemish gentleman with a crimson headkerchief, in our National Gallery; and an etching of J. P. Laurens's portrait of the great French actor Mounet-Sully in the character of Hamlet. The Rev. W. J. Loftie's account of Westminster Abbey, with Mr. Herbert Railton's drawings, which occupy some part of the space, has been already noticed as a separate publication. Mr. J. Llewellyn Page's description of Dartmoor, illustrated by Mr. Alfred Dawson; a review of the life and architectural works of Inigo Jones, by Mr. Reginald Bloomfield; and a memoir of Joseph Wolf of Coblenz, the clever German artist and naturalist who is so well known to the Zoological Society of London, invite special attention; and so does "Early Christian Art in Ireland," by Mr. F. G. Stephens. There are discussions also concerning Raphael, Giorgione, and the Certosa of Pavia; and comments on features of contemporary art. The etchings are of high quality.

The Picturesque Mediterranean, its Cities, Shores, and Islands. Part I. (Cassell and Co., Limited.)—This is the first monthly instalment of a publication which will vie with "Picturesque Europe," and other splendid works of that class and form, as well in the abundance and variety of its topics for description and illustration as in the skill, knowledge, and taste of the staff of writers and artists engaged upon it, and in the superb style of its production by the finest typography, engraving, and printing. The frontispiece, coloured, is Mr. Birket Foster's "View of the Rock of Gibraltar"; that town and fortress, also Tangier and Ceuta, on the opposite Moorish coast, are first described.

Cassell's Pictorial Scrap-Book. (Cassell and Co., Limited.) An immense variety and entertaining miscellany of engravings, picked out of the extensive range of Messrs. Cassell's voluminous illustrated works of history and topography, but not accompanied by any narrative or descriptive text, will be found in this large volume of 754 pages. Boys and girls cannot have more profitable intellectual amusement than to sit and turn it over, in the presence of some elder person sufficiently well-informed to answer the eager inquiries which it will constantly suggest. English history, Bible history, natural history, and views of places seem to be the predominating subjects. To a mother of children from six to ten years old, or to a family governess, this instructive picture-book will be an inexhaustible treasure; but it needs a good deal of general reading to explain the contents.

Club-Land, London and Provincial. By Joseph Hatton (J. S. Virtue and Co.)—Although modern London Clubs are too big to be particularly sociable, they still afford means of sociability for men otherwise personally acquainted with each other, besides the economy of expenses in procuring various comforts. Their stately buildings adorn the most fashionable streets of West London; and the views, both exterior and interior, presented in this volume, with those of some provincial clubs at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and Leeds, at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Belfast, will be interesting to many townsmen, as well as to members of clubs. They are republished in this volume from the *Art Journal*, with Mr. Hatton's lively commentary, which is perhaps sufficient for the occasion; yet his confession, that "the history of Club-

land is yet to be written," cannot be gainsaid after what he has here supplied.

Thomas Nast's Christmas Drawings for the Human Race. (Sampson Low and Co.)—Mr. Nast, a clever artist and kindly, playful humourist, some of whose works are here first collected, prefers to indicate, by the title chosen for them, his devotion to human happiness in general—not to the interests of any class, party, or religious sect. But he claims the festival of Christmas as an institution for all mankind, including the German custom of the Christmas Tree and the mysterious gifts of Santa Claus to the children. These and similar domestic incidents of the season are the subjects of his pencil, which in every instance alone tells the story, without any verbal comment.

Figaro Salon, 1889. Par Albert Wolff. (Goupil et Cie., Paris.)—This volume contains a well-known French art-critic's review of the annual Exhibition of Pictures, usually called "The Salon," with reproductions of many of their designs, by typogravure process, and in other ways, which are executed in a superior style. The *Figaro Illustré*, which is the Christmas Supplement to that journal, is adorned with several colour-printed pictures.

Daddy Jake, the Runaway; and Other Stories. By "Uncle Remus." (T. Fisher Unwin.)—Among the diverting American humourists, whose writings are familiar to many lovers of broad fun in England, one much in favour is Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, author of the queer tales ascribed to an old negro called "Uncle Remus." His narratives of the flight of Daddy, or Uncle Jake, from the Gaston plantation, Putnam County, in the State of Georgia, during the great Civil War, and of the two dear little white children, Lucien and Lilian Gaston, starting off to find their kind old playfellow, who had rashly left a comfortable home, is almost as interesting as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Slavery was a bad system; but in the household of such a master as Dr. Gaston, with an affectionate family like his, we can believe it was sometimes tempered by natural human feelings. The other stories are quite in the racy vein of "Uncle Remus," introducing Judge Rabbit and several wise animals of quaint moralising fable. The pictures are droll, and pleasantly characteristic of rustic life in the Southern States.

Granny's Story-Box. Illustrated by Marie Seymour Lucas. (Griffith, Farran, Okeden, and Welsh.)—The beauty of childhood, in sweet little faces, perfectly natural figures, and gestures of unconscious grace, cannot be more truthfully portrayed than by this lady artist in the charming designs which illustrate a volume of new fairy tales—rather too closely printed. Many of the pictures are exquisitely coloured, and the text is adorned with numerous fine wood-engravings. The same publishers, located at Newbery House, the famous ancient home of juvenile fiction, at the corner of St. Paul's-church-yard, have produced some other pleasing books for this season: *The Two Brothers*, a German story, by Mrs. Hall; *Some Other People*, by Alice Weber, with drawings by many artists; *Sing me a Song*, verses by Edward Oxenford, with music by A. Scott Gatty; and *Holy Gladness*, in which the hymns, written by Mr. Oxenford, are set to music by an eminent composer, Sir John Stainer—these also made attractive to the eye, and to the fancy, by various graceful illustrations.

Pepin, the Dancing Bear. By Katharine S. Macquoid. Illustrated by Percy Macquoid. (Skeffington and Son.)—In this pleasing and amusing story of the wanderings of Joseph Le Bas, a Frenchman from Dauphiny, with his performing bear and his flute, among the not very friendly rustic folk of South Germany, Mrs. Macquoid appeals to all kindly feeling. Children who love animals, and grown-up people, gentle or simple—if one may not be gentle and simple, as she teaches us to be—who naturally love children, will like her book: they will also like Mr. Percy Macquoid's gracefully designed illustrations of the tale.

Little St. Elizabeth, and Other Stories. By the Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." (F. Warne and Co.)—The great St. Elizabeth, we suppose, was the famous St. Elizabeth of Hungary, wife and widow of the German Ludwig, Landgrave of Thuringia, in the thirteenth century. Mrs. F. H. Burnett's little St. Elizabeth is a sweet young lady, of French birth, of rich family, brought up in New York, of the Catholic faith, devoted to prayer and fasting and works of charity, who strays into the abodes of misery and vice, and tries to sell her jewels for money to relieve the poor. The other tales, those of "Prince Fairyfoot," "The Proud Little Grain of Wheat," and "Behind the White Brick," are much in Hans Andersen's vein of fancy. The illustrations, by R. B. Birch, Alfred Brennan, and "O. A.," have some artistic merit.

Stories Jolly, Stories New, Stories Strange, and Stories True. (Skeffington and Son.)—These stories, with two or three exceptions out of nineteen, are nowise the fantastic marvels of fairyland, but are such as might possibly be true if some children, and some men and women, could be as good as they ought to be, and could meet with such rare and happy adventures as most of them desire. The list of authors—Mrs. Molesworth, Mrs. Macquoid, Miss Yonge, Miss Alice Corkran, Miss Agnes Giberne, Miss Helen Wilmot-Buxton, the Rev. H. C. Adams, the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, Mr. G. Manville Fenn, Mr. G. A. Henty, and others—warrants the expectation of brave and various entertainment; and this promise is confirmed by a glance at the engravings.

Our Little Dot's Picture Scrap-Book, in two parts, published by the Religious Tract Society, contains a great number of wood-engravings, from drawings by many good artists, some of which are accompanied by a few lines of simple verse, suggesting a little story.

Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. (Limited), of London, Belfast, and New York, publish *The Kelpie's Fiddle-Bow*, an amusing tale from the German, with the doings of boys, dogs, and old men delineated by E. L. Shute in a lively manner; *The Robbers of Squeak*, by A. M. Lockyer, a versified history of the exploits of certain rats and mice; *Drifting Leaves*, a collection of religious poems, by Sarah Doudney, with drawings of leaves from nature, and small landscapes; *The Wreath and other Pastorals*, in verse, illustrated by Tring Pearce.

We have also received from Messrs. Wells, Gardner, and Darton some attractive books for children. One of the most original is *Japanese Jingles*, by Kathleen Lucas, in which a huge spider, a goose, or "giggling gaggle," and a pedlar named "Woppiti Floppiti Flikkiti Flakk," who sells pig-tails, are busily employed.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall present two authentic and instructive series of the incidents of military experience: *Life in the Army*, sketches by Mr. R. Simkin; and *On Active Service*, by Mr. W. W. Lloyd, late of the 24th Regiment; these are coloured plates.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

A FROSTY DAY.

As I write, in a northern county, the ground is covered with a sprinkling of snow, and the ice-crystals glitter like diamonds under the remains of a remarkably strong December sun. It would almost appear as though we might legitimately expect a renewal of the fine old full-flavoured Christmas and New Year weather to which as boys we were well accustomed. Of late years we have—I was going to say enjoyed, but the term hardly applies, and I will substitute—experienced what people are pleased to call open winters, and one may fairly sympathise with the "old boys" who, in their grumbles about the changes which happen to the old order of things, tell you that "Even the weather isn't what it used to be," and that "the times and seasons are out of joint altogether." Snowballing bids fair, as far as I can see, to become an extinct sport, for the plain reason that snow is becoming year by year of greater rarity than ever. I remember, when a small boy, of winters when the snow lay thick for six weeks at a time, and when a certain mail-coach (one of the last to survive in the north), in its journeys between the Scottish capital and the kingdom of Fife, used to demand six horses for its transit, greatly to the delight of youth, and to the dismay of Peter the coachman. Without being in any sense an old fogey, I can remember long weeks of skating, and many a snowballing tournament continued (at intervals) for long periods together. But all these things seem to have passed away, and now we get our green Yules, which, if proverbial philosophy is to be trusted, make "fat kirkyards," by reason of their unhealthiness and their tendency to swell the bills of mortality.

To-day there is a nip in the air that reminds one of old times. The newspaper-boy's nose shows signs of that preliminary stage of congestion which betokens frost-bite of a very mild type; and, from the way in which that youth has been practising the first steps of an impromptu clog-dance, I feel certain we have at least a prospect of a real old-fashioned frosty day. What such a day means to the world at large is an interesting enough topic. Of course, burst water-pipes and cracked jugs call forth the anathemas of that very patient and long-suffering animal the British householder. This, however, is matter of science, as well as of household economy. Out of your burst water-pipe you may extract a little sound information about frost, which, while it may not recompense you for your plumber's bill, may yet show you that such accidents are, after all, part and parcel of a big scheme of Nature's own contriving for the welfare of the world. Frozen water expands, and by its distension bursts the pipe; but, on a far bigger scale, of course, Jack Frost affects Nature at large. Think of what a frosty day means to rocks and stones, and to those parts of the crust of our planet which experience the attack of the cold. The stones of our houses, and rocks everywhere, absorb water; and, in due season, this water freezes. Every little ice-crystal then acts as a veritable wedge. It expands and enlarges under the freezing action, and tends to sunder and separate the particles of the stone amid which it rests. Frost is thus an insidious chipper and hewer of rocks and stones everywhere. You will see its effects on soft sandstones best. The porosity of these stones makes them absorb a relatively large quantity of water; and when frost comes, season by season, the stones are worn, chipped, and disintegrated. Sometimes you may see whole flakes peeling off such stones; and in old graveyards, where the gravestones have been formed of such soft materials, you may remark with accuracy, from the dates on these memorials, the relative rapidity with which frosty days sculpture and chisel them down into dust. What a series of frosty days must imply to such buildings as the Houses of Parliament one may well be afraid to say. There you have a lamentable illustration of the folly of using a soft limestone in place of a hard durable sandstone for building purposes. That magnificent pile of buildings has been eaten into by the carbonic acid of London air ever since it was erected. It has been damaged already to an extent of which the country, I believe, little dreams; and Jack Frost assists materially every winter in his further vandalism, by the chipping of the stones in which it is his fate and business to indulge.

In other lands than ours we know what frosty days mean, as periods of wear and tear to the earth. The snow on the high mountain-peaks slips down into the upper valleys, and at the melting-point is converted by pressure into ice. Then that great ice-river we call the glacier takes its course down the mountain slopes, and flows on, silently, grandly, and impressively, as long as frosty days supply the snow of the mountain-tops. You note how the glacier erodes, grooves, and deepens its valley as years pass by. You see its *moraines*, or rubbish-heaps, and its boulders stolen from the mountains, carried down to the foot of the hills. There, also, you see the ice melting, and the muddy torrent that goes to feed the Rhone and other rivers issues forth from the ice-cave at the glacier's terminus. This glacier which you inspect in your summer holiday tour is really a legacy to us of the frosty days of past ages. It is a remnant of an ice-age, when all the days were frosty and all the nights were long. When, on the Scottish hillsides or slope of the Cumberland mountains, you see the parallel roads and the boulders scattered far and wide, your mind will also fly back to those æons when cold winter held the world in its icy grip, and chilled living Nature down well-nigh to a zero point of death itself.

This glacier is, after all, one of the most singular products of frosty days. A great solid mass of ice, it flows like a river, fastest in the middle, slowest at its sides. Under pressure, it would seem, as Helmholtz long ago showed, ice becomes plastic in its tendency: that is to say, it acquires the property of ductility, and accommodates itself, like soft wax, to all the exigencies of its surroundings. Then comes in Michael Faraday's "regelation" discovery, whereby it is shown that two pieces of ice pressed together will re-freeze into a solid mass. Probably the glacier's existence, as at one and the same time an apparently solid mass of ice and as a plastic body, can be explained on the two ideas just named. Pressure makes the ice plastic, and regelation keeps it in an apparently solid state; but, all the same, this great ice-river must be regarded as one of the most curious products of frosty days.

But frosty days are not without their favourable side. Your farmer loves not an open winter. He prefers, wise man that he is, a hard season, which shall freeze the ground, and in the melting open out the clods of earth, and make rich the soil for the reception of the seed. It is the old story, this, of natural things and ways being, after all, best for everybody. "All things in their due season" is a remark which has a sound philosophy by way of backing. Warm days in winter time are just as much out of place as snow in summer; yet this is what we do experience now and then, and the result is not good for man, beast, or plant. Yet we may refrain from the inevitable British growl at the weather. There are compensations, no doubt, to be found—else is all our philosophy a huge mistake. But, variation or no variation in the Earth's orbit (I believe that is the correct expression), I say give me, in their due season, frosty days, and many of them.

ANDREW WILSON.



1. It was not so bad, before we were married: easy positions, love-making, chocolate creams, &c.
But afterwards, when he took up "illustrating,"
2. He used to fetch me out of the middle of my accounts,
3. To be a murderess.
4. Or on the point of fainting,
5. Or to embrace that horrid old lay figure:
Oh! it was too trying!
6. He nearly frightened poor darling mother out of her wits, by asking her to become a corpse:
7. He took one of the dear children, and pretended to be cross with it;
Of course it cried, and then he drew it as "a naughty child,"
Thank Goodness, he can afford to hire professional models now!

THE TROUBLES OF AN ARTIST'S WIFE.

BLIND LOVE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

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CHAPTER LXIII.

A REFUGE.



I was all over. Iris had sent in her money. She was in a small lodging found for her by Fanny Mere, who called her cousin. She stayed indoors all day long, afraid of stirring abroad; afraid to read the papers; afraid that her husband was arrested on the charge of conspiracy and fraud; afraid that some kind of hue and cry might be out after her.

Therefore, when she heard a manly step on the stair, she started and turned pale, expecting nothing short of an armed messenger of the law. She never was in this danger for a single minute, but conscience made a coward

of her. The step was that of Hugh Mountjoy.

"I found you out," he said, "by means of Fanny. The girl knew that she was safe in letting me know your secret. Why are you in concealment?"

"You cannot know all, or you would not ask me that."

"I do know all; and again I ask, why are you in concealment?"

"Because — Oh, Hugh—spare me!"

"I know all, which is the reason why I cannot choose but come to see you. Come out of this poor place; resume your own name. There is no reason why you should not. You were not present at Passy when this conspiracy was hatched; you got there after the funeral. You, naturally, went to see the family solicitors. Iris, what has the conspiracy to do with you?" It will be observed that Hugh had not read the letter written to the Directors of the Company.

"Do you know about the money?"

"Certainly. You sent back all that you could—five thousand pounds. That showed your own innocence!"

"Hugh, you know that I am guilty."

"The world will think that you are innocent. At any rate, you can come out and go about without fear. Tell me, what are your plans?"

"I have no plans. I only want to hide my head—somewhere."

"Yes; we will talk about that presently. Meantime, I have some news for you."

"News? What news?"

"Really good news. I have to tell you a thing which will surprise you."

"Good news? What good news is there for me?"

"Your husband has sent back the whole of the money."

"Sent back? To the Insurance Office?"

"All has been sent back. He wrote two letters—one to the solicitors and the other to the Insurance Company. It is not likely now that anything can be said, because the Directors have accepted the money. Moreover, it appears that they might have proceeded against the lawyers for the recovery of the money, but that they have nothing to do either with you or with Lord Harry Norland. That is a difficult point, however. Somebody, it seems, has compounded—or is going to compound—a felony. I do not understand exactly what this means, or what dreadful consequences might follow; but I am assured by the lawyers that we need apprehend nothing more. All is over."

Iris heaved a profound sigh.

"Then he is safe?" she said.

"You think of him first," said Hugh, jealously. "Yes: he is safe; and, I do hope, gone away, out of the country, never to come back any more. The more important thing is that you should be safe from him. As for the doctor—but I cannot speak of the doctor with common patience. Let him be left to the end which always awaits such men. It is to be hoped that he will never, wherever he goes, feel himself in safety."

"I am safe," said Iris, "not only from my husband, but from what else beside? You know what I mean. You mean that I, as well as my husband, am safe from that. Oh! the fear of it has never left me—never for one moment. You tell me that I am safe from public disgrace, and I rejoice—when I ought to sink into the earth with shame!" She covered her face with her hands.

"Iris, we know what you have done. We also know why you did it. What need we say more? The thing is finished and done with. Let us never again allude to it. The question now is—what will you do next? Where will you live?"

"I do not know. I have got Fanny Mere with me. Mrs. Vimpany is also anxious to live with me. I am rich, indeed, since I have two faithful dependants and one friend."

"In such wealth, Iris, you will always be rich. Now listen seriously. I have a villa in the country. It is far away from London, in the Scottish Lowlands—quite out of the way—remote even from tourists and travellers. It is a very lonely place, but a pretty house, with a great garden behind and a stretch of sand and seashore in front. There one may live completely isolated. I offer you that villa for your residence. Take it; live in it as long as you please."

"No, no. I must not accept such a gift."

"You must, Iris—you shall. I ask it of you as a proof of friendship, and nothing more. Only, I fear that you will get tired of the loneliness."

"No—no," she said. "I cannot get tired of loneliness: it is all I want."

"There is no society at all."

"Society? Society for me?"

"I go to the neighbourhood sometimes for fishing. You will let me call upon you?"

"Who else has such a right?"

"Then you will accept my offer?"

"I feel that I must. Yes, Hugh; yes, with deepest gratitude."

The next day she went down by the night-mail to Scotland. With her travelled Mrs. Vimpany and Fanny Mere.

CHAPTER LXIV.

THE INVINCIBLES.

The proceedings of Lord Harry after he had sent off that cheque were most remarkable. If he had invited—actually courted—what followed—he could not have acted differently.

He left London and crossed over to Dublin.

Arrived there, he went to a small hotel entirely frequented by Irish Americans and their friends. It was suspected of being the principal place of resort of the Invincibles. It was known to be a house entirely given up to the Nationalists. He made no attempt to conceal his name. He entered the hotel, greeted the landlord cheerfully, saluted the head waiter, ordered his dinner, and took no notice of the sullen looks with which he was received or the scowls which followed him about the coffee-room where half a dozen men were sitting and talking, for the most part in whispers.

He slept there that night.

The next day, still openly and as if there was nothing to fear, either from England or from Ireland, he walked to the station and took his ticket, paying no attention to what all the world might have seen and understood—that he was watched. When he had taken his ticket two men immediately afterwards took tickets for the same place. The place where he was going was that part of Kerry where the Invincibles had formerly assassinated Arthur Mountjoy.

The two men who followed him—who took their tickets for the same place—who got into the same carriage with him—were two members of that same fraternity. It is well known that he who joins that body and afterwards leaves it, or disobeys its order, or is supposed to betray its secrets, incurs the penalty of death.

On the unexpected arrival of Lord Harry at this hotel, there had been hurriedly called together a meeting of those members then in Dublin. It was resolved that the traitor must be removed. Lots were cast, and the lot fell upon one who remembered past acts of kindness done by Lord Harry to his own people. He would fain have been spared this business, but the rules of the society are imperative. He must obey.

It is the practice of the society when a murder has been resolved upon to appoint a second man, whose duty it is to accompany the murderer and to see that he executes his task.

In the afternoon, about an hour before sunset, the train arrived at the station where Lord Harry was to get down. The station-master recognised him, and touched his hat. Then he saw the two other men get down after him, and he turned pale.

"I will leave my portmanteau," said Lord Harry, "in the cloak-room. It will be called for."

Afterwards the station-master remembered these words. Lord Harry did not say "I will call for it," but "It will be called for." Ominous words.

The weather was cold; a drizzling rain fell; the day was drawing in. Lord Harry left the station, and started with quick step along the road, which stretched across a dreary, desolate piece of country.

The two men walked after him. One presently quickened his step, leaving the second man twenty yards behind.

The station-master looked after them till he could see them no longer. Then he shook his head and returned to his office.

Lord Harry, walking along the road, knew that the two men were following him. Presently he became aware that one of them was quickening his pace.

He walked on. Perhaps his cheeks paled and his lips were set close, because he knew that he was walking to his death.

The steps behind him approached faster—faster. Lord Harry never even turned his head. The man was close behind him. The man was beside him.

"Mickey O'Flynn it is," said Lord Harry.

"'Tis a — traitor you are," said the man.

"Your friends the Invincibles told you that, Mickey. Why, do you think I don't know, man, what you are here for? Well?" he stopped. "I am unarmed. You have got a revolver in your hand—the hand behind your back. What are you stopping for?"

"I cannot," said the man.

"You must, Mickey O'Flynn—you must: or it's murdered you'll be yourself," said Lord Harry, coolly. "Why, man, 'tis but to lift your hand. And then you'll be a murderer for life. I am another—we shall both be murderers then. Why don't you fire, man?"

"By — I cannot!" said Mickey. He held the revolver behind him, but he did not lift his arm. His eyes stared; his mouth was open; the horror of the murderer was upon him before the murder was committed. Then he started. "Look!" he cried. "Look behind you, my lord!"

Lord Harry turned. The second man was upon him. He bent forward and peered in his face.

"Arthur Mountjoy's murderer!" he cried, and sprang at his throat.

One, two, three shots rang out in the evening air. Those who heard them in the roadside cabin, at the railway-station on the road, shuddered. They knew the meaning of those shots. One more murder to load the soul of Ireland.

But Lord Harry lay dead in the middle of the road.

The second man got up and felt at his throat.

"Faith!" he said, "I thought I was murdered outright. Come, Mick, let us drag him to the roadside."

They did so, and then, with bent heads and slouched hats, they made their way across country to another station where they would not be recognised as the two who had followed Lord Harry down the road.

Two mounted men of the Constabulary rode along an hour later and found the body lying where it had been left.

They searched the pockets. They found a purse with a few sovereigns; the portrait of a lady—the murdered man's wife—a sealed envelope addressed to Hugh Mountjoy, Esq., care of his London hotel; and a card-case: nothing of any importance.

"It is Lord Harry Norland," said one. "The wild low—he has met his end at last."

The letter to Iris was brief. It said:—

"Farewell! I am going to meet the death of one who is called a Traitor to the Cause. I am the Traitor of a Cause far higher. May the end that is already plotted for me be accepted as an atonement! Forgive me, Iris! Think of me as kindly as you can. But I charge you—it is my latest word—mourn not for one who has done his best to poison your life and to ruin your soul."

In the other letter he said:—

"I know the affection you have always entertained for Iris. She will tell you what she pleases about the past. If



They walked about in the garden, his arm around her waist.



It was recognised by Hugh, who went out to look at it, and found it was the body of Vimpany.

she tells you nothing about her late husband, think the worst and you will not be wrong. Remember that whatever she has done was done for me and at my instigation. She ought to have married you instead of me.

"I am in the presence of Death. The men who are going to kill me are under this very roof. They will kill me perhaps to-night. Perhaps they will wait for a quieter and a safer place. But they will kill me.

"In the presence of Death, I rise superior to the pitiful jealousy with which I have always regarded you. I despise it. I ask your pardon for it. Help Iris to forget the action of her life of which she has most reason to be ashamed. Show that you forgive me—when you have forgiven her—and when you have helped her in the warmth and strength of your love to drive me out of your thoughts for ever. "H. N."

EPILOGUE.

It is two years after the murder of Lord Harry Norland, the last event connected with this history.

Iris, when she accepted Hugh Mountjoy's offer of his Scotch villa, went there resolved to hide herself from the world. Too many people, she thought, knew her history, and what she had done. It was not likely that the Directors

of the Insurance Company would all hold their tongues about a scandal so very unusual. Even if they did not charge her with complicity—as they could—they would certainly tell the story—all the more readily since Lord Harry's murder—of the conspiracy and its success. She could never again, she told herself, be seen in the world.

She was accompanied by her friend and maid—the woman whose fidelity to her had been so abundantly proved—and by Mrs. Vimpany, who acted as housekeeper.

After a decent interval, Hugh Mountjoy joined her. She was now a widow. She understood very well what he wished to say, and she anticipated him. She informed him that nothing would ever induce her to become the wife of any other man after her degradation. Hugh received this intimation without a remark. He remained in the neighbourhood, however, calling upon her frequently and offering no word of love. But he became necessary to her. The frequent visits became daily; the afternoon visits were paid in the morning; the visitor stayed all day. When the time came for Iris to yield, and he left the house no more, there seemed to be no change. But still they continued their retired life, and now I do not think they will ever change it again.

Their villa was situated on the north shore of the Solway Firth, close to the outfall of the Annan River, but on the west

bank, opposite to the little town of Annan. At the back was a large garden: the front looked out upon the stretch of sand at low tide and the water at high tide. The house was provided with a good library. Iris attended to her garden, walked on the sands, read, or worked. They were a quiet household. Husband and wife talked little. They walked about in the garden, his arm around her waist, or hand in hand. The past, if not forgotten, was ceasing to trouble them: it seemed a dreadful, terrible dream. It left its mark in a gentle melancholy which had never belonged to Iris in the old days.

And then happened the last event which the chronicler of this history has to relate.

It began in the morning with a letter.

Mrs. Vimpany received it. She knew the handwriting, started, and hid it quickly in her bosom. As soon as she could get away to her own room she opened and read it.

"Good and Tender Creature,—I ascertained, a good while ago, thinking that probably I might have to make this kind of application to you, where you were living and with whom. It was not difficult; I only had to connect you with Mr. Hugh Mountjoy and to find out where he lived. I congratulate you on being so well able to take care of yourself. You are probably settled for life in a comfortable home. I feel as

happy about it as if I had myself contributed to this satisfactory result.

"I have no intention of making myself more disagreeable than I am obliged to do. Necessity, however, knows no law. You will understand me when I tell you that I have spent all my money. I do not regret the manner in which the money has been spent, but the fact that it has all gone. This it is which cuts me to the heart.

"I have also discovered that the late lamented Lord Harry, whose death I myself have the greatest reasons to deplore, played me a scurvy trick in regard to certain sums of money. The amount for which he was insured was not less than £15,000. The amount as he stated it to me was only £1000. In return for certain services rendered at a particular juncture I was to receive the half of the insurance money. I only received £2000, consequently there is still due to me the sum of £5500. This is a large lump of money. But Mr. Mountjoy is, I believe, a wealthy man. He will, doubtless, see the necessity of paying this money to me without further question or delay.

"You will, therefore, seek his presence—he is now, I hear, at home. You may read to him any part of this letter that you please, and you will let him know that I am in earnest. A man with empty pockets cannot choose but be in earnest.

"He may very possibly object.

"Very good. In that case you will tell him that a fraud has been committed in connection with which I am prepared to make a full confession. I consented, on the death of my patient, and at the earnest entreaty of Lord Harry Norland, to represent the dead man as his lordship. I then went away, resolving to have nothing more to do with the further villany which I believe was carried on to the obtaining of the whole amount for which he was insured.

"The murder of Lord Harry immediately afterwards caused the Company to drop their intended prosecution. I shall reveal to them the present residence of his widow, and shall place my evidence at their disposition. Whatever happens I shall make the facts of the case public. This done, nothing can hurt me; while, whether the Public Prosecutor intervenes or not, neither Mr. Hugh Mountjoy nor his wife can ever show face to the world again.

"Tell Mr. Mountjoy, I say, whatever you please, except that I am joking. You must not tell him that. I shall call to-morrow morning, and shall expect to find the business as good as done.—"A. V."

Mrs. Vimpany dropped the letter in dismay. Her husband had vanished out of her life for more than two years. She hoped that she was effectually hidden; she hoped that he had gone away to some far-off country where he would never more return. Alas! This world of ours has no far-off country left, and, even if the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness so far as to go to the Rocky Mountains, an express train and a swift boat will bring him back to his wickedness whenever he desires a little more enjoyment and the society of his old friends.

Mr. Vimpany was back again. What should she do? What would Iris do? What would Mr. Mountjoy do?

She read the letter again. Two things were obvious; first, that he had no clue of the restitution; and, next, that he had no idea of the evidence against him for the murder of the Dane. She resolved to communicate the latter fact only. She was braver now than she had been formerly. She saw more clearly that the way of the wicked man is not always so easy for him. If he knew that his crime could be brought home to him; that he would certainly be charged with murder if he dared to show himself, or if he asked for money, he would desist. Before such a danger the most hardened villain would shrink.

She also understood that it was desirable to hide from him the nature of the evidence and the name of the only witness against him. She would calmly tell him what would happen, and bid him begone, or take the consequences.

Yet even if he were driven off he would return. She would live henceforth in continual apprehension of his return. Her tranquillity was gone.

Heavens! That a man should have such power over the lives of others!

She passed the most wretched day of her whole life. She saw in anticipation the happiness of that household broken up. She pictured his coming, but she could not picture his departure. For she had never seen him baffled and defeated.

He would come in, big, burly, with his farmer-like manner: confident, bullying, masterful. He would ask her what she had done; he would swear at her when he learned that she had done nothing; he would throw himself into the most comfortable chair, stretch out his legs, and order her to go and fetch Mr. Mountjoy. Would she be subdued by him as of old? Would she find the courage to stand up to him? For the sake of Iris—yes. For the sake of the man who had been so kind to her—yes.

In the evening, the two women—Mrs. Vimpany and Fanny—were seated in the housekeeper's room. Both had work in their laps: neither was doing any work. The autumnal day had been boisterous; the wind was getting higher.

"What are you thinking of?" asked Fanny.

"I was thinking of my husband. If he were to come back, Fanny—if he were to threaten"—

"You would loose my tongue—you would let me speak?"

if in answer to the woman's question—there came a loud cry—the shriek of a man in deadly peril.

The two women caught each other by the hand and rushed to the window. They threw it open: the tempest began again; a fresh gust drove them back; the waters roared; the wind howled; they heard the voice no more. They closed the window and put up the shutters.

It was long past midnight when they dared to go to bed. One of them lay awake the whole night long. In the roaring tempest she had seen an omen of the wrath of Heaven about to fall once more upon her mistress.

She was wrong. The wrath of Heaven fell upon one far more guilty.

In the morning, with the ebbing tide, a dead body was found lashed to the posts of one of the standing nets in the Solway. It was recognised by Hugh, who went out to look at it, and found it was the body of Vimpany.

Whether he was on his way back to Annan, or whether he intended to call at the villa that evening instead of next morning, no one can tell. His wife shed tears, but they were tears of relief. The man was buried as a stranger. Hugh kept his counsel. Mrs. Vimpany put the letter in the fire. Neither of them thought it wise to disturb the mind of Iris by any mention of the man. Some days later, however, Mrs. Vimpany came downstairs in a widow's cap.

To Iris's look of interrogation she replied calmly, "Yes. I heard the other day. He is dead. Is it not better—even for him, perhaps—that he should be dead? He can do no more wickedness; he can bring misery into no more households. He is dead."

Iris made no reply. Better—better far—that he was dead. But how she had been delivered from the man, to what new dangers she had been exposed, she knew not, and will never know.

She has one secret—and only one—which she keeps from her husband. In her desk she preserves a lock of Lord Harry's hair. Why? I know not. Blind Love doth never wholly die.

THE END.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

Mr. Stanhope, Secretary for War, presented the prizes to the Bloomsbury Rifles at their headquarters on Dec. 11, and, in the course of his address to the corps, said that it had been the object of the Government to weld the Volunteer battalions into such an army as was required, and to do this had involved some sacrifices. The result had surpassed the most sanguine expectations.—On Dec. 13 the thirtieth annual distribution of prizes to the 5th (West) Middlesex took place at the Portman Rooms—Colonel J. Bell presiding.—On the same day Lord Truro presented the prizes of the 3rd Middlesex Artillery Volunteers at St. James's Hall; and a county meeting, convened by the Lord Lieutenant of Devon, was held at the Castle of Exeter, to consider the question of equipment of the Volunteers of the county. Lord Clinton presided. It was decided to raise a fund for the purpose of assisting to provide the necessary equipment for the Volunteers of the county, and a committee was appointed, over £300

being promised at the meeting.—On the 14th the Lady Mayoress presented the prizes of the 3rd City of London Volunteers, at the Guildhall; and Viscount Cranborne, M.P., distributed the prizes won in rifle-shooting and general military efficiency during the past season by the Walthamstow Company of the 1st Volunteer Battalion Essex Regiment.—The prizes won during the year by members of the Tower Hamlets Rifle Brigade were, on the 16th, presented by Lord Harris, Under-Secretary of State for War.—In the presence of a large company, Major-General Philip Smith, C.B., distributed the prizes to the 21st Middlesex Rifles, at the Holborn Townhall, on Dec. 18. Major-General Smith congratulated the regiment upon its condition.—The county of Surrey, as represented in an influential meeting of Peers, Members of Parliament, and Magistrates, has resolved to raise a fund for the better equipment of its Volunteer forces. The Earl of Lovelace, Lord Lieutenant of the county, occupied the chair.

NEW TALE BY WALTER BESANT.

In our Next Number will appear the opening Chapters of a Romance of To-day, entitled "Armour of Lyonesse," by Walter Besant, with Illustrations by Fred. Barnard.



"Arthur Mountjoy's murderer!" he cried, and sprang at his throat.

"Yes; for her sake. I would have shielded him once—if I could. But not now. I know, at last, that there is no single good thing left in him."

"You have heard from him. I saw the letter this morning, in the box. I knew the handwriting. I have been waiting for you to speak."

"Hush! Yes, Fanny; I have heard from him. He wants money. He will come here to-morrow morning, and will threaten Mr. Mountjoy. Keep your mistress in her own room. Persuade her to lie in bed—anything."

"He does not know what I have seen. Charge him with the murder of the Dane. Tell him," said Fanny, her lips stiffening, "that, if he dares to come again—if he does not go away—he shall be arrested for murder. I will keep silence no longer!"

"I will—I am resolved! Oh! who will rid us of this monster?"

Outside, the gale rose higher—higher still. They heard it howling, grinding branches together; they heard the roaring and the rushing of the waters as the rising tide was driven over the shallow sands, like a mountain reservoir at loose among the valleys below.

In the midst of the tempest there came a sudden lull. Wind and water alike seemed hushed. And out of the lull, as

BY THE EXPRESS.

Ever since the stage-coach and post-chaise gave place to the railroad, adventures in "The Train" have mainly supplied the romance of travelling. Interminable have been the sensational stories told of accidental meetings, lifelong acquaintances begun, elopements, escapes, pursuits, and the like, which have had for their starting-point a compartment of a railway-carriage. Nor have life-or-death struggles, robberies, murders, and suicides been wanting, both in fact and fiction, to form the tragic element inseparable from this earthly journey, whether made by "express" or "parliamentary." The supernatural, likewise, has had its due share in the history of the Queen's "iron highway"; and, since the world never tired of hearing of how the Royal mail was stopped on Marston Moor, or my lord's travelling chariot stayed in its progress over Hounslow Heath by the "gentlemen of the road," so to this day any strange incident occurring to the lonely occupant of a railway-carriage seldom fails to attract attention. On this ground, therefore, let me write down my last experience "by the express."

The London streets were in a state of slushy thaw, but deep snow still covered the country, on the morning I left Charing-Cross for Naples. The purpose of my trip is unimportant, but it was my first to foreign parts, and being a young inexperienced man I was wild with the excitement of anticipation. Italy and its inhabitants, like the rest of the Continent, were strange to me, but I had imbibed the conviction from all I had heard that the lower classes of the Neapolitan population are the most rascally set of thieves and out-throats in Europe. Cautioned and prepared, however, I determined to be even with them, and go armed with a revolver—much as I deprecate the habit of carrying one. It was some relief, therefore, to my mind when a certain travelled friend—only a trifle older than myself, by-the-by—whom I consulted, said: "No, no, my dear fellow, pay people in their own coin. Revolvers are not popular in Italy: knives and stilettos are all the go there. I'll lend you mine, which I always carried in Naples, though luckily I never had to use it. And mind, always have the first go at a fellow if you think he's going to attack you. Knock him down with your fist if you can. If that fails, slip your knife into him—he'll do it to you if he gets the chance—it's the custom of the country."

Being on the whole a peaceable lad, I disliked this idea even more than my own of the revolver, and determined, after all, that I would, like a true Briton, rely on my fists for protection in emergency: I would go unarmed. But my friend insisted on lending me his most villainous-looking weapon—so I put it well down at the bottom of my portmanteau.

On leaving Charing-Cross but few passengers took their places in the train, and I had a compartment to myself. I was glad of this, for I had been short of rest the previous night, and I hoped to get a snooze on our way to Folkestone. Sleep, however, did not seem disposed "to weigh mine eyelids down," so I shut them of my own accord, and, pulling my cap on to my nose, sat for more than an hour quite quiet and comfortable—snugly muffled like a mummy in the farther corner of the carriage. Pondering on many matters, I took little heed of the gloomy aspect of the country; but soon I had a dim idea that we were running into a fog which seemed to grow thicker and thicker. Still we rattled on at "express" speed, and I remember rather wondering that we should do so as I "looked out at the tail of my eye," as the Irishmen say, towards the window over the farther door. Certainly there was a bad fog, which was gradually darkening the landscape. Such was my impression.

Well, as I could not help it, I continued to ruminate placidly for another short interval. Once I thought I was going to sleep; but no, it would not come, and I took another indolent peep at the weather through the opposite window, when, lo! what should I see but a man's face! Yes, assuredly a dark-bearded, dark-eyed, sallow-looking fellow of foreign aspect, with a broad-brimmed slouch hat. Why—what—how—how did he get there? It is frightfully dangerous for a man to stand in such a place. Ah! but he's not standing—he's opening the door slowly and getting into the carriage—and, yes, stealthily taking his seat in the farther corner, while regarding me with the most diabolical expression.

All this happened very rapidly. He had re-shut the door, and is now sitting staring at me—evidently speculating as to whether I am asleep or awake. This assumption gives me the cue. As I have not moved, I pretend to be asleep, though I watch him narrowly from beneath my slightly raised eyelids. What is he up to? Stooping and peering under the seats! Nothing there; no, my small handbag is beside me, and that is what he is looking for, without doubt. Every event of this description of which I had read or heard flashed through my mind. Visions of stories came pelting one upon the other of Italian brigands waylaying trains or concealing themselves under the carriage-seats, and murdering solitary sleeping passengers. Was this to be my fate? Ah, but I will be ready for him. And now what is he doing? Still keeping his evil black eyes half on my bag and half on me, he is drawing a long glittering blade from his breast. He rises—is about to step across to me, one hand outstretched towards the bag and the other holding the knife upraised, ready to drive it into my heart should I awake and resist. One moment is enough for thought. My friend's advice, "Mind, always have the first go at a fellow, if you think he's going to attack you," came back to me.

Like lightning I spring at him, and before he is prepared I have him by the throat and the wrist of the hand holding the knife. There is a deadly struggle for an instant—a swaying to and fro—and by a dexterous wrench I gain possession of the weapon. He staggers back into the seat; I make one terrific blow at him; he collapses, vanishes, and I have driven my empty hand right through the plate-glass window, cutting it severely.

But the man—did I say he had vanished?—assuredly, and I am alone in the carriage, half prostrate across the empty seat, my wrist bleeding profusely.

At last, then, I am wide awake, and no mistake. What am I to think? What does it all mean? Why, simply that the whole experience was a dream!—a vision, a horrible nightmare in broad daylight. For what do I see now but the

snow-clad country with a brilliant winter sun making the Kentish uplands glitter like silver! There is no fog, no Italian bandit, no murderous knife; nothing but a half-dazed, bewildered young idiot with a severely cut hand alone in a first-class carriage speeding along by the express within a few miles of Folkestone!

I have returned to London after six weeks' stay in Naples, with my friend's stiletto still well at the bottom of my portmanteau. I shall send it back to him with this account of the deep impression which the horrid thing made on my mind—luckily, not on my body nor on that of anyone else! Macbeth's "air-drawn dagger," however, could not have been a greater reality to his fevered imagination than, for the time being, was the flashing steel in the hand of my dream-figure as I sprang forward to seize its uplifted arm. W. W. F.

STATUE OF THE QUEEN AT OODEYPORE.

In the Jubilee celebration of Queen Victoria's reign, in the year 1887, one of the most gratifying features was the eager loyalty with which the native Princes of India hastened to offer their congratulations. His Highness the Maharana Futeh Singh, Knight Grand Cross of the Star of India, the ruler of Meywar and its capital city, Oodeypore, or Udaipur, at the head of the Rajpoot States, represents probably the most ancient reigning princely dynasty in Asia, which gallantly maintained itself against the Mogul Empire and the Mah-rattas. He is a warm friend of England; and, in com-



STATUE OF HER MAJESTY AT OODEYPORE, INDIA.
QUEEN'S JUBILEE MEMORIAL, ERECTED BY THE MAHARANA OF OODEYPORE.

memoration of the Jubilee of our Queen-Empress of India, he ordered a statue to be erected, which was recently unveiled by Prince Albert Victor of Wales. The sculptor is Mr. C. B. Birch, A.R.A. The statue, nine feet in height, executed in Carrara marble, represents her Majesty in regal attire, holding the sceptre and orb. The pedestal is ten feet high, of appropriate design, and of native material and workmanship, executed from drawings and models supplied by the sculptor. The frieze under the cornice contains a floral combination of the lotus, rose, thistle, and shamrock; and the base mouldings are enriched with oak and laurel leaves. The surbase contains a laurel wreath, intercrossed with branches of olive and bay, and on the front of the pedestal is a raised bronze panel containing the requisite inscription.

Moor Park, Farnham—famous for its association with the names of Sir William Temple, Jonathan Swift, and Stella—has been sold to Sir William Rose.

The weekly entertainment at the Brompton Hospital on Dec. 17, provided by Mr. John Elwin, comprised songs by Mrs. Coles, Miss Maud Pawle, Miss Bowra, Miss Coker, and Mr. Elwin; violin solo by Mr. Pawle, piano solo by Miss Pawle, dance by little Miss Gladys Cherry, and amusing recitations by Mr. Sergeant Lee. The programme was admirably carried out, and the performers' efforts were vigorously applauded.

The Marquis of Salisbury has granted his Hertfordshire tenants a reduction of 20 per cent on their half-year's rents, being the same abatement as that made for several half-years in succession; and the Duke of Manchester has made an abatement of 25 per cent upon all his meadow-land rents.—Earl Temple, who is residing at Wotton House, Aylesbury, in presiding at his first rent-audit dinner, intimated his intention to remit 12 per cent to his tenant farmers, the same as his deceased uncle, the late Duke of Buckingham and Chandos.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

THE VICTORIA GALLERY.

This latest addition to the West-End galleries (207-209, Regent-street) opens with an exhibition of the humorous and grotesque in art, culled from every country and almost every age. Masks from Japan, monsters from China, charges of French political celebrities are mingled with the broad caricatures of Rowlandson, the humour of John Leech, and the "skits" of Pellegrini. Among our own countrymen, Hogarth, Gillray, Cruikshank are strongly represented, though in few cases by their original work; but, with respect to the Frenchmen, Daumier, Grandville, and Benjamin, the managers of the exhibition have been more successful. Among the more curious, if not the most artistic, series in the gallery are the collection of the terra-cotta models of animals (2045-2068) lent by Mr. William Jarrach, and the collection of "monsters" and other quaint designs in Doulton ware (2214-2239), in which one recognises with satisfaction the existence of humour surviving among our craftsmen, all the subjects having been designed and executed in moments of leisure by Messrs. Doulton's workmen.

We have spoken so recently on the place of Gillray, Rowlandson, Bunbury, and others in the English art of caricature and polemical portraiture that it is unnecessary to return to the subject. We may say, however, that the resources of the past and present centuries are so great that the managers of the present exhibition have had no difficulty in covering their wall space. Whether the result will justify their confidence is a point upon which it is not for us to decide, and we must await the experience of an entire season to show whether there is room for another picture gallery in London. At any rate, it would seem that the proprietors have kept in view the increasing popularity of such galleries as places of evening entertainment, to which guests can be invited in large numbers without disturbing the comfort of the household. For such réunions the Victoria Gallery is specially well adapted, for the broad galleries, which now interfere with the wall-light on the ground floor, will add brilliancy and attractiveness to a gathering of smartly dressed people. The decorations are founded upon Mr. Whistler's brown-paper "motive," and have been carried out with excellent effect, and the general impression is one of lightness and simplicity, which will furnish an admirable "setting" for the company which may be expected to assemble in the Victoria Gallery.

MR. NELSON McLEAN'S STUDIO.

It is so seldom that we have the chance of coming across sculpture on a large scale (outside the narrow circle to which officialism addresses itself) that we are the more ready to record Mr. Nelson McLean's distinct success with his statue of the late Sir Arthur Phayre, G.C.M.G., and now to be seen at his studio (13, Bruton-street, Bond-street). The figure, which is rather above life-size (about 7 ft. high), represents Sir Arthur Phayre standing erect in his full uniform, holding his cocked hat under his arm. The firm, massive features of the distinguished administrator of British Burmah are rendered with lifelike accuracy, and his imposing figure with dignity and even grandeur. The statue, which is to be erected at Rangoon, will bear eloquent testimony to the memory of the man to whom the country of which it is the capital is under the deepest obligations. If we turn from the martial figure of Sir Arthur Phayre to that of the Baboo Sunder Dos, a member of the Governor-General's Supreme Council at Calcutta, we find that Mr. Nelson McLean is able to convey with equal effect the subtler qualities of the Brahmin statesman. His face is a curious combination of familiar English types, in which Charles Lamb (of all persons) predominates—although wanting his naïveté of expression. In this case it is, of course, impossible for us to say anything with regard to the actual likeness; but the sculptor has at least realised one's idea of the astute and supple Baboo. Into the bust of Robert Burns, intended for some Scotch town, Mr. McLean has thrown more personal inspiration, and, while keeping to the general lines of the poet's well-known features, has succeeded in producing something very different from the ordinary "inspired plough-boy" face with which we are only too familiar.

A loan exhibition of pictures by old and modern masters, and other art works, will be opened on Jan. 6 at the Camden School of Art (St. Bartholomew's-road, Camden-road). H.R.H. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) has promised to preside on the occasion, which marks another advance in the establishment of loan exhibitions in different parts of London.

This will be the first time—if we are not mistaken—that any attempt has been made to bring together an art exhibition on the north side of London; but doubtless the result will show that there are as many possessors of really important and interesting works of art to be found in that quarter as in the south or east. The stimulus of local rivalry is, we hope, alone wanting to bring out such treasures from their resting-places. On the committee we notice the names of Mr. Carl Haag, Mr. Joseph Grego, Mr. Samuel Hodson, Mr. William Smale, names well known in the art world, besides many others distinguished in other fields. The hon. sec. is Miss Deane, 7, Hillmarton-road, Camden Town, N.

Mr. Eugène Rimmel, of the Strand and Regent-street, has produced some ornate boxes and baskets of his exquisite scents, well suited for presents at this festive season.

There was unveiled, in the Abbey Church, Dunfermline, on Dec. 18, a monumental brass over the tomb of King Robert the Bruce, whose remains were discovered in a vault beneath the church in 1818.

A Newcastle telegram states that the Tyne shipbuilding returns for 1889 are practically completed, and they show a total tonnage in excess of any previous year. The exact figures are not yet known, but between 250,000 and 300,000 tons have been launched from the yards on the Tyne, including five ships of war for English and foreign Governments.

Miss McMullan, Miss Green, and Miss Barclay have each received £1000 compensation from the Great Northern Railway Company for injuries received in the disaster near Armagh last summer, and four sisters named Kearns have received between them £1450 as compensation for injuries received in the same disaster. Several smaller claims have been settled amicably, and negotiations in other cases are still proceeding.



A GAME AT SPECULATION.

DRAWN BY TOM TAYLOR.

SYMPATHY.

All that Shakspeare urges in favour of mercy, in Portia's eloquent speech, may be said as truly of the quality of sympathy: indeed, does not mercy itself arise from sympathy—out of the power each has of imagining himself in another's position, and so extending to that other the sympathy he would desire himself?

True sympathy makes one charitable, and loth to attribute evil motives to one's fellow-creatures. How soothing is sympathy! Even in the touch of a hand, or the tones of a sympathetic voice, what consolation lies! In a great grief, when one has, perhaps, lost through death one's best beloved, and all the world seems dark and drear, is there not some solace to be found in the loving sympathy of friends, which shows us that, though we are bereft indeed, there are many left who care for us, and kindly hearts are beating where we least expected? For instance, there is our business acquaintance—hard and cold and mean we thought him—intent only on money-grubbing. Yet he it is who has penned this feeling letter, in which he so delicately offers the loan of a hundred or two, if there should be any scarcity of cash, as is often the case, after the expenses of a prolonged illness. He begs that a trifle like this may not be allowed to be a cause of distress at such a time, and that he may be given the privilege of an old friend. Then he goes on to say that he will shortly be starting on a trip to Norway in his yacht, and thankful should he be if any fellow, knowing what a lonely man he is, would take compassion on him, and accompany him. And this is the man whom the world considers rough and unfeeling!

Not to everyone is granted the gift of being able to express his or her true feelings on paper; and one must not misjudge this other letter received, with its abrupt sentences and stereotyped phrases of there being a happy meeting-place above. Ah me! is it not here, in this everyday life of ours, that we want our beloved one? What care we for any future? And then come thoughts of the writer of this very letter, which has stirred up this rebellious spirit. *She* has had trials innumerable—her husband and sons all taken, one after the other, by a cruel fever; and she—poor soul!—left with a little fatherless babe. All the tendrils of the widow's sore, bereaved heart twined themselves around this tiny blossom, but ere a year had gone the little floweret drooped and died. Yet time, with its tender healing, brought comfort; and now, with the eye of faith, she can look forward to a future meeting with her loved ones. So, thinking of her sorrows and how bravely she had borne them, her letter, too, brought its message of sympathy and comfort.

Was it not natural for one's thoughts to go from Mrs. Nunn to our neighbour across the road, Mrs. Proudfoot? Proud, indeed, we thought her when she and her husband took up their residence in the house that had been to let so long. "The pink of perfection," people said of the beflowered house and its smartly dressed inmates—mere society people, bent on dinner-giving and entertainments of all sorts every day in the week. True, they gave freely to all charitable institutions in the neighbourhood; but then they evidently had plenty of money, and denied themselves nothing.

How we regretted our harsh judgment later on, when Mrs. Nunn's Mayblossom lay a-dying! The poor mother—plucky, proud, reserved woman that she was—never allowed anyone to guess how crippled were her means since her husband's loss, or how weak she herself felt, and unfit for nursing. How could one think so, when her house was as neat as neat could be, and her trim young maid content and well-disciplined?

Had Mrs. Proudfoot guessed anything of the struggle when she glided up to Mrs. Nunn's door one evening, where that lady was standing after seeing the doctor out, and sadly wondering, may be, how she could manage to watch another night? Oh! she must bring herself to ask someone to help, for her darling's sake, seeing that she could not afford a nurse. One more night she would go on, and then—and then came a sweet low voice, saying:—

"You will not think me merely inquisitive, I hope. I saw you standing here, and felt I must come myself and inquire for your dear little girl. She is not better yet, I fear; but, dear Madam, do not give up hope; and please—oh! do not look upon me as a stranger, nor think me intrusive, for I want so to help you! I had a little baby once, only—only it did not get better, as your little May will do."

"No; ah, no! she may not even last the night!" and here the poor woman fell a-weeping.

"You are overtired, and things perhaps seem darker than they really are. You will let me stay with you to-night and share the nursing, will you not, you look so weary?" And she did stay the night, and several other nights too—indeed, until the end came.

Afterwards we heard what a help Mrs. Proudfoot was, how she seemed to know intuitively the way to place the poor little wasted baby. She was so cheery too, yet tender withal. On her neck the bereaved mother sobbed out her grief. No more was she called the "Butterfly of Fashion." The other neighbours would have gladly helped, yet they had not offered—repelled as they were by the poor mother's forbidding manner. Tact is a wonderful gift, and some seem born with it; yet surely it may be acquired.

How is it, I wonder, that while most of us are ready to sympathise with our friend or acquaintance in sorrow, we are not so ready to do so in seasons of prosperity! Mr. Brown, say, has had a large fortune left him, and, though he and his family rejoice, there is scarcely one outsider who will rejoice with him. There are many who will say:—

"They are so used to living in a small way that so much money will be nothing but a burden." But when Mr. and Mrs. Brown show themselves quite equal to the emergency, gladly betaking themselves and family to more commodious quarters, thoroughly enjoying being able to entertain, and giving others the opportunity of tasting the sweets of their prosperity, they are not improbably called purse-proud and ostentatious by their former friends, some of whom drop off after a time, because they fancy themselves overlooked or slighted.

Now, true sympathy, I take it, enables us to place ourselves in another's position, imagining, of course, at the same time, that we are possessed of our friend's hasty or sullen temper: for might we not, by so doing, arrive at a solution of his before inexplicable coolness? and should we not frequently find, in thinking the matter calmly over, that some unconsidered speech of our own may have given rise to the disagreement? There are degrees in sympathy as in other things: while one friend will wax indignant in our behalf over the recital of some grievance and make us even more angry than before, another will see the other side of the question only (of course there is another side), and will make one feel sorry that the trouble has not been kept tight-locked in one's own breast; while a third will listen quietly and soothe one's ruffled feelings by the touch of a loving hand, or with the sympathy expressed in a friendly pair of eyes. Then we, with our trouble shared, are ourselves ready to see the matter in a different light, to find, perhaps, that there has been error on each side.

Sympathy is as oil on troubled waters, and leaves a calm where before was tumult; and the act of sympathy does, in very truth, bless both giver and receiver.

J. B.

THE STROKR GEYSER, ICELAND.

Geysers, or jets of hot water by force of steam engendered by subterranean volcanic fires, are interesting phenomena in the study of physical geography. They must, in the nature of things, sooner or later become extinct; and visitors to Iceland will henceforth regret the disappearance of the famous "Strokr," which has often been described. We noticed with pleasure, not long ago, Mrs. Alec Tweedie's agreeable little book, "A Girl's Ride in Iceland," relating a tour with her husband and brother in that island in 1886. That lady has favoured us with a Sketch of the Strokr, which our readers will like to see. This was not the largest of the Iceland geysers, but was a curious and amusing one, as it could be made to eject water by artificial means. This was done by filling up its mouth with sods, until there was no hole left by which the steam could escape, when it vomited the whole mass with a gigantic spout. On the occasion of our correspondent's visit, the emetic had to be repeated four times, and at least two hours elapsed before these efforts were rewarded. The party had nearly despaired of the eruption ever taking place, when there was a sudden start among the guides, who were standing by the edge of the crater, and a shriek from them, "He comes!" Then a huge column of boiling water ascended straight into the air to a height of sixty or seventy feet, the spray being ejected to a considerable distance. The eruption was accompanied by a rumbling noise and a hissing sound as the shafts of water ascended. Mrs. Tweedie and her companions stood and



THE STROKR GEYSER IN ICELAND, RECENTLY EXTINGUISHED.

watched the effect a few feet distant from this boiling column, feeling the rumbling under their feet, and as the wind blew the steam back it fell in condensed drops, like rain; but, wonderful to relate, although so lately boiling, it was now quite cold. This great fountain display continued for a quarter of an hour. Then, gradually subsiding, the column of water got smaller and smaller, until nothing but steam issued from its mouth. It was fully half an hour before it quite subsided.

The Strokr, which has been in constant eruption since 1770, when it spouted no less than eleven times in one day, has for the present ceased to work. This may be only temporary, as geyser activity is always uncertain. The chief geyser groups lie in the Yellowstone Park of America. New Zealand formerly had its geysers, now, unfortunately, extinct; but the first to be discovered were those of the still little-known island—the old "Ultima Thule."

Mr. Archibald Sutherland, Sheriff Clerk of the county of Zetland, has been appointed Clerk of the Peace of the said county, in the room of Mr. Daniel Mitchell, deceased.

A summary of the agricultural produce statistics for England, Wales, and Scotland has been issued from the office of the Board of Agriculture. It deals with wheat, barley, and oats. The estimated yield of wheat for England is 69,400,000 bushels, for Wales 1,672,000, and for Scotland 2,193,000, in each case a small increase on 1888. The acreage is smaller, and the average yield per acre is 29·91, against 28·05 in 1888. In barley, of which the total estimated yield is 67,473,000, there is a small falling off from 1888. Wales and Scotland have fully maintained their average; but England has dropped from 57,740,000 bushels total yield to 56,088,000, and in the yield per acre from 33·14 to 31·58. In oats, of which the total yield is 113,548,967 bushels, against 107,344,099, there was an increase all round, and the average per acre has been raised from 37·24 to 39·31.

The results of the Oxford University Examination for Women, held in December, have been announced, from which it appears that forty-six candidates entered, of whom one only was absent. The examination was held simultaneously at Hatcham, Hereford, and Oxford, the following being the candidates who have obtained certificates: Ethel Mary Cunningham, Minna Clemence Jones, and Ella Mary Smith, High School, Hereford; Winifred Margaret Armitage, Somerville Hall; Mary Dorothea Marshall and Margaret Ellinor Morse, Lady Margaret Hall; Alice Lee Barker, Nora S. Brecks Atkinson, Edith Henrietta Gore, St. Hugh's Hall; Evelyn Hannah Berkeley, the Doreck College, Kensington; Mabel Cartwright, Lady's College, Cheltenham; Mary Anne P. Chetwynd, Elizabeth Maude Guinness, Marion Powell, and Annie Bertha Whiston, Royal Holloway College, Egham; Katherine Jones, High School, Bath; Elinor Rokey Price, High School, Oxford; Mary Theodora E. Alder, Elizabeth Hopkinson, Anne Christabel Hoste, Edyth Mary Pickard, Theodora Wilde Powell, Margaret Sophia Sharp, and Helen Jane H. Sumner, private tuition. Of those who failed, nine were deficient in arithmetic, sixteen in Euclid, twelve in algebra, six in French, and sixteen in German, while of the whole number of candidates only four passed in Greek and ten in Latin—two of these latter, however, failing to gain a certificate.

HAPPY HUNTING-GROUNDS: A NEW-YEAR'S EVE FANCY.

Miserable the man, if such there be, who rejoices not in a "happy hunting-ground"—a "Tom Tiddler's Land" of his own—his private and particular freehold, where he can go exploring, an he list, and pick up gold and silver to his heart's content. But I suppose that most of us—though we have never a rood of meadow or pasture, arable or woodland, to justify us in claiming a place among our country's landed proprietors—possess somewhere a region of boundless acres, an undefined area, in which we can freely expatiate. No matter where these regions lie or what they are. They may be situated under northern skies, and always exposed to Nature's severest frown. They may be torrid wastes, unenlivened by bloom of flowers or sweet flights of song. They may be long ranges of cliffs, facing the vain assaults of a wintry sea. To their owners, however, they are inexpressibly dear, like the tiny bits of garden in which the children plant their daisies and buttercups—inexpressibly dear, because belonging to them and to no others. To his happy hunting-ground, whatever it may be, its lord retires as occasion serves or the need arises, to summon up remembrance to the session of sweet, silent thoughts, or permit the unrestricted course of vagrom fancy. Thither he goes, like Numa to the cave where he communed with Egeria, or Odysseus to the windy headland whence he could see the shores of Ithaca. No one can demand of him tithe or toll, or plead a previous title. It is as exclusively his own as was that island of the Solitary's where he reigned as "monarch of all he surveyed."

Nor are these happy hunting-grounds laid out like the parallelograms of Robert Owen or the rooms in a block of model lodging-houses. They are not laid out, though some would wish them to be, in uniform rectangles, like Mercator's projection. Mine are not as yours, nor are yours as mine. Probably you think mine as wanting in charm as I hold yours to be shorn of beauty. The poet's will never resemble the logician's, or the logician's the divine's, and each will swear by his own. The happy hunting-grounds of the young mind cannot run in the same direction as those of an "auld carle." *Suum cuique*—to everybody what "is his'n."

For it is a fact that I fail to impress my neighbour with the superior attractions of my own little freehold, though they really ought to be obvious to every eye; while I acknowledge myself equally unconvinced—as, indeed, every person of right judgment must be—that his, by any reasonable standard of appraisal, comes within measurable distance of mine. My vision assures me that to me belong the bosky dells and dingles, the purling streams, the ferny copses, the shining plains; while his paltry little demesne is destitute of all which could give pleasure to a cultivated eye. But, after all, what is Jones's happy hunting-ground to me, or mine to Robinson? There are always busybodies about, alas!—well-meaning, but offensive—whose sole object in life, apparently, is to prejudice people against their several hunting-grounds, and start them off—Goodness knows where!—in quest of others. But if Jones be satisfied that his lot lies in pleasant places—if he be happy in his cante of woodland or corner of orchard ground—in Heaven's name, why not let him alone? Why endeavour to shake his faith in things as they are—in what he knows, loves, and believes? Why worry him to erect new landmarks in a country which he does not care to traverse? So long as a man's Arcady or Dorado has nothing pestilential about it—so long as the air is sweet and wholesome, and no evil creatures lurk there, in unsuspected recesses—let him keep to it, say I, and I wish him all the enjoyment of it! Every well-wisher to humanity regards with dismay the present passion which prevails for setting everybody right—for imposing upon all of us some pet phalanstery for regulating our lives, our tastes, and our opinions by the canons of self-constituted critics. Ah, Messieurs! why will you not leave us to disport ourselves after our own fashion, and in our own hunting-grounds? Let us go on our respective ways, bidding each other godspeed, and, in the temper of the truest wisdom, agreeing to differ!

No doubt there are minds which descend into hunting-grounds that to superior people—like you and me, dear reader—seem all stubble and weedy growth. I have known a man lost in a dream of delight over a Venezuela postage-stamp. I knew another—a clergyman, too—who found untold refreshment in a collection of tobacco-pipes (including, of course, Sir Walter Raleigh's). There are enthusiasts who go abroad at dusk with a hand-net and chase the nocturnal lepidoptera in a happy hunting-ground of damp fields and muddy ditches. To others, of a "manlier" stamp of character, the happy hunting-ground takes the form of a rifle-range, with echoes of *ping-pang* as the swift bullets hit (or miss) the bull's-eye. Others feel a serene joy in the achievements of the latest lanky runner who has "broken" some mysterious "record" by the space of two seconds and a half. Others delight to wander in a fantastic region of blue china, and Japanese, majolica, and Raphael ware. To not a few the fairyland of the stage shines with radiant spaces and glorious vistas, suggestive of spell and enchantment, and appealing to the romantic sentiment. To some the craft of the bookbinder offers a continuous draught of bliss; and the cares and anxieties of life are all forgotten while they muse over the *fanfare* of Nicolas Eve and the *pointille* of Le Gascon; over the treasures accumulated by Jean Grolier; over the respective qualities of the Byzantine style and the blind-tooled binding; over the work of a Staggeimeier, a Rivière, a Haydon, and a Zaehnsdorf. Then the bibliophile's happy hunting-ground is stocked full of rare old volumes—unique copies of first editions, specimens of missals and Books of Hours, black-letter *chefs-d'œuvre* of John of Spire and Nicholas Jenson, Elzevirs, Caxtons, Wynkyn de Worde, and so on. Not for him the happy hunting-ground of the poetical *dilettante*, who babbles in his sleep of *ballades* and *virelais*, triplets and rondels, and burns incense at the shrines of Villon and Olivier Basselin. The picture-sale is for many a region of enchantment, where they lose themselves in a world of dubious art, among sombre landscapes, heavy with a constant obscurity which impartially swallows up hills and skies, trees and cattle; among squat Flemish boors, drinking over their cards in smoky *Lusthaus* parlours; among sleepy simpering beauties of the Lely school; among gods and goddesses sprawling half-naked on impossible clouds; among the fine ladies of St. James's, in patches and furbelows, and the fine gentlemen of the Mall, in powdered wigs and high-beeled shoes; or, in later days, among the angular and bony nymphs of pseudo-classical fable, and the gaunt, haggard women who represent the latest ideal of female beauty.

These happy hunting-grounds—and innumerable others—are admirable in their way; though none of those which we lay out in our maturer lives equal in freshness of aspect and vividness of colouring the bright beautiful spheres of fancy and invention which were the rich possession of our opening years. What a region is that in which the boyish dreamer roams abroad at will! All the scenes and images gathered from books and ballads find their way thither, and in its luminous atmosphere their strange incongruities seem to melt into one harmonious whole! Pirate vessels flying at their masthead the terrible black flag with its ominous "Death's-head and crossbones"—knights in full armour careering round the lists,

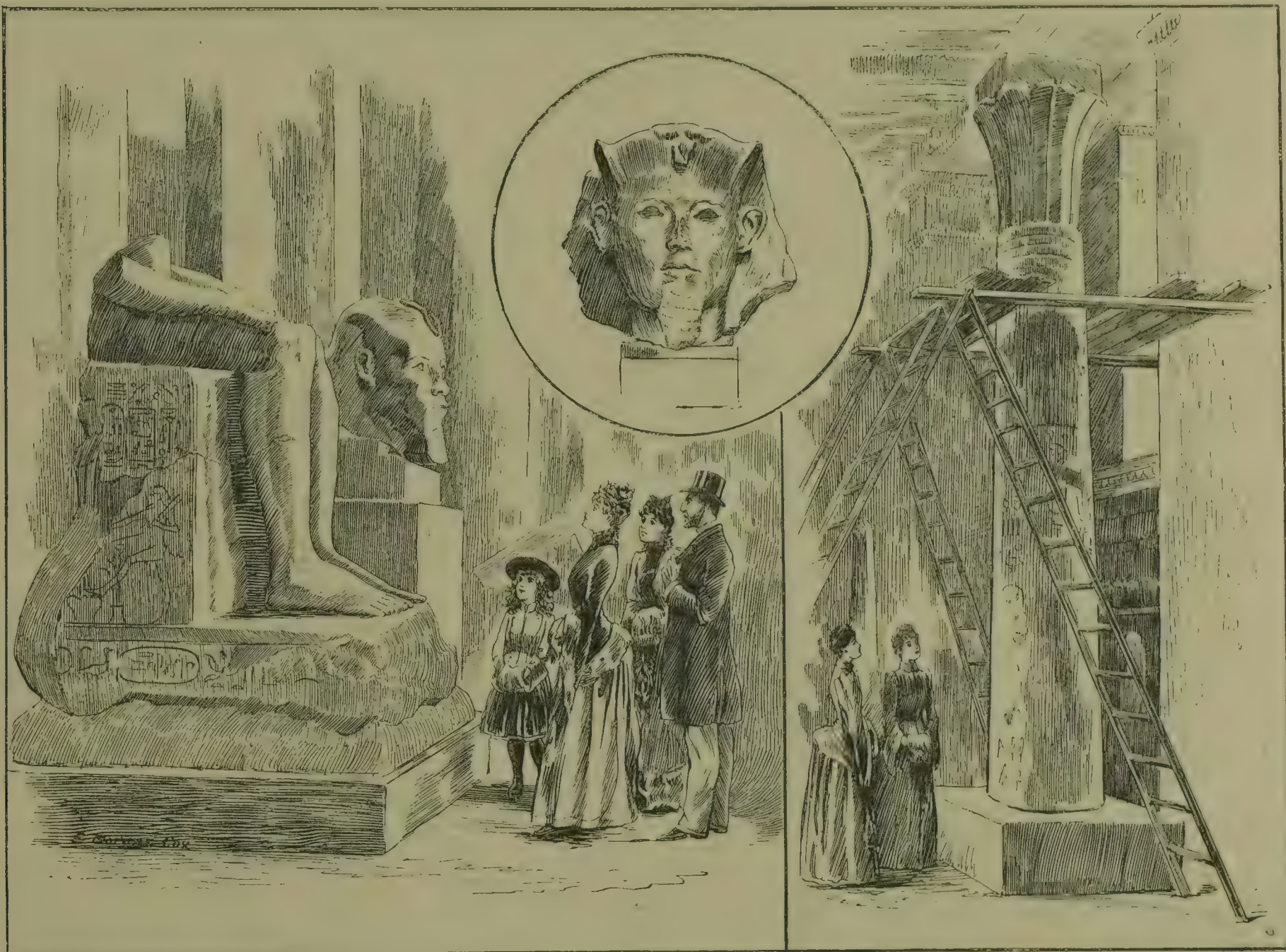
and on point of spear uplifting glove or ribbon from the fair hand of the mistresses of their hearts—Jack the Giant-Killer dealing tremendous blows against his colossal adversary—fairies in mazy dances whirling before the rosebud thrones of Oberon and Titania—Robin Hood and his merry men in Lincoln green hunting the deer in Sherwood Forest—Richard the Lion Heart cleaving the accursed Saracens from skull to chine with his famous battle-axe—Don Quixote tilting at the windmill—Robinson Crusoe staring at the footprint on his island's sandy shore—Gulliver trembling in the huge grasp of his Brobdingnagian host—all these mingle together, along with shadowy forests, blue seas, shining lakes, blooming meadows, grey castles towering over misty lochs, palaces, caves, and grottoes, in the happy hunting-ground of the boy's dreams or reminiscences. As he grows up into manhood, a change takes place in the phantasmagoria; new lights and shades pass athwart the mirror; new combinations are evolved from memory or imagination. Perhaps, the soft sweet light of love folds over the exquisite scene. Perhaps some impulse of ambition colours the thought and shapes the vision. It matters not. For though the happy hunting-ground, whatsoever aspect it assume, will still supply that refuge from the laborious and irksome activities of life which our spirits stand in need of, never is it so bright, so true, so *real*, as in the imaginative, credulous days of youth.

And yet I am almost tempted to recall these words when

I think of "the realms of gold," "the goodly states and kingdoms," to which the poets offer us free admission. Oh, to lie under green boughs in the warm light of a summer noon, and suffer the mind to wander over each fair expanse!—whether to that demesne where "deep-browed Homer" rules—where the Trojan warriors watch before the towers of Troy, and Achilles broods in his tent over the wrongs he had sustained; whether to that enchanted land where Orlando and the Carlovigian knights did those deeds of high emprise of which Ariosto tells the picturesque story; whether to those dominions vast which the mighty genius of Shakspeare has peopled with such awful and inspiring creations—to Prospero's isle, and the glades frequented by Puck and his fellows, or the blasted heath where with dubious oracles the midnight hags confound the soul of Macbeth, or the storm-beaten cliffs where wandered the aged king, driven mad by the cruelty of his daughters; whether to the flowery spots and sylvan shades in Spenser's magic verse—the luminous cloudland of Shelley's visions—the mighty forest upon the sides of Latmos where Keats's Endymion strayed with his sister Peona; or to that green hillside in the Trevisan where Pippa's song echoed through the pine-woods; or "among the mountains by the winter sea," where "all day long the noise of battle rolled" in the last hours of Arthur's troubled reign! One may be pardoned some extravagance of thought and language while one ranges over those ideal lands from "Calpe unto Caucasus," which the poets have

summoned into existence for the behoof of the sons of men. But the "trailing skirts" of the departing year are vanishing across the threshold, and now we may see, quite close at hand—nay, with one foot on the verge—the New-Comer in his fresh white robes. What brings he in his urn? What lots will he deal out to us? Blanks or prizes—which will fall to you or me? Ah, it is in ourselves that we are thus and thus! As with the Old Year, so with the New: when we come to the delivery of the epilogue we shall find that the action of the drama has been shaped by the spirit in which we have played our parts. Most of our troubles are of our own making, and a little of that highest form of wisdom which we call common-sense will, if promptly applied, prevent or speedily disperse them. Great sorrows there are which we must needs accept as inevitable: then the only remedy is to cover the head and suffer and be strong. But from the minor ills which we foolishly permit to take up so large a share of life there is always an escape into those happy hunting-grounds which we can make our own. There we can wander at will, while the winds whistle in the distance. The passage of Time brings no shadow upon them, strips neither leaf nor blossom: their blissful silences are vexed by no sounds of storm or battle. Thus, with the last echoes of the midnight bells fading into oblivion, we bid the Old Year good-bye, and project our hopes and ambitions into the "happy hunting-grounds" of the New.

W. H. D.-A.



PART OF A STATUE OF OSORKON II.

COLUMN INSCRIBED WITH TITLES OF RAMESSES II. AND NAME OF OSORKON II.

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM: RECENTLY PLACED.

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Our collection of Egyptian antiquities in London has recently obtained an important addition in the two huge sculptured granite pieces now placed in the large saloon on the west side of the British Museum. The piece on the right, as we enter the gallery, consists of a seated figure, inscribed with the names of Osorkon II., about 830 B.C.; and opposite stands a column, almost in perfect condition, about 17 ft. high by 3 ft. in diameter, also inscribed with the name of Osorkon II. and with the titles of Rameses II., about 1330 B.C. The sculptures were found at Bubastis, and were presented to the nation by the Egypt Exploration Fund.

UNROLLING A MUMMY.

There was a large attendance in the botanical theatre of University College on Dec. 18 to witness the unrolling of a mummy from Upper Egypt, which had for half a century occupied a place in the college museum. The unrolling was undertaken by Mr. E. A. Wallis-Budge, M.A., of the British Museum. The chair was taken by Mr. Erichsen, president of the college, and among those present were Sir John Lubbock, M.P., Sir A. Garrod, Professor Gladstone, Professor Seeley, Professor Ramsay, Professor Goodwin, Professor Carey Foster, Professor Hayter Lewis, Mr. Romanes, Mr. Poynter, Mr. Alma Tadema, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Rider Haggard, Mr. Maunde Thompson, Dr. Fitch, and Dr. Quain. The mummy was placed on a table on the floor of the theatre and loosely covered with a cloth of fine linen of a faded purple colour, which had formerly constituted its outer wrapping. Before proceeding to perform the operation of unrolling the mummy, Mr. Budge made some prefatory observations on Egyptian mummies generally, describing the principal methods of preserving the

human body by mummification. At the conclusion of his observations, Mr. Budge proceeded to unroll the mummy, which was closely swathed in scores of yards of thick yellowish linen of fine texture. The bands of linen varied in width from four or five inches to about a foot. Some of them were laid lengthwise along the body; others were wrapped round and round it. At the beginning of the process of unrolling there was a very perceptible sickly smell of aromatics, which as the work went on gave place to a more pronounced and decidedly disagreeable odour. When a great part of the linen had been removed, black stains, caused by the bitumen, became apparent, and nearer to the body the wrappings had suffered considerably from contact with this substance. Two small pieces of linen with fringes were discovered in the course of the unrolling, and these bore inscriptions more or less impaired by the bitumen. When at last the coverings had been removed the body was found to be of a very dark brown colour—so dark, indeed, as to be almost black. The skin where it remained was hard and shiny, the arms and hands lay lengthwise upon the abdomen, while the heart and intestines were placed beneath the knees. The features when disclosed stood out very clearly, and were those of a rather handsome person, but the sex could not be determined. Glass eyes had been placed in the head, and there was a linen plug in the ear. Mr. Budge, at the conclusion of his task, said that the mummy seemed to belong to a period about eight hundred years before Christ. It was filled with bitumen, and nearly all the flesh was destroyed in consequence. Parts of the skin remained upon the breast, and the bones were still in fairly good condition. The person could not have been of very great importance, because there was neither scaræus nor ring upon the finger. The incision in the left side was still found, and was one of the most interesting features in the mummy. The person appeared to have been called Bek-Ran or Bek-Ranef.

The only inscription decipherable was the name of Osiris, folded over the part of the stomach dedicated to that god, and a prayer for the heart of the deceased. There was another piece of linen bearing the date, but the year had been obliterated by the bitumen. From the quality of the linen, its fineness of texture, and the fringes to the inscriptions, the mummy must belong to the best period of Theban mummifying—probably the nineteenth dynasty. The inscriptions were written in the hieratic or current hand of Egyptian hieroglyphics. The mummy was about 5 ft. 3 in. in height, and was that of an Egyptian, probably one of the class corresponding to the lower middle class of modern times. The body will undergo further examination by scientific experts.

The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council approves generally of the proposals of the Charity Commissioners for the administration of the funds of Christ's Hospital, but remits the scheme back to the Commissioners in order that they should amend it by embodying a conscience clause as provided by the Endowed Schools Act of 1867.

The third and concluding performance of the "Andria" of Terence was given on Dec. 18 by the boys of Westminster School, in the presence of an appreciative audience of ladies and gentlemen. According to invariable custom, both prologue and epilogue were given. In the prologue reference was made to the fact that a committee of Old Westminsters has begun the task of emblazoning the armorial bearings of distinguished alumni on the panels of the Great School, to the reprinting of the "Preces" that were drawn up by direction of Queen Elizabeth for use in the School, and to the erection of a pavilion in the up-fields at the cost of £1100, a sum which has been raised by voluntary contributions. The epilogue, which wittily treated of the topics of the day, afforded great amusement.



OFF TO SEE THE OLD YEAR OUT—

DRAWN BY R. BARNES.



LEFT AT HOME TO FRET AND POUT.

DRAWN BY R. BARNES.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 1, 1879), with two codicils (dated Jan. 5, 1882, and Feb. 5, 1885), of the Right Hon. Alexander, Earl of Leven and Melville, late of No. 21, Upper Grosvenor-street, who died on Oct. 22 last, at Glenferness, Dunphail, N.B., has just been proved by William Samuel Deacon, Robert Williams jun., the Hon. Sir Henry Stafford Northcote, and William Godden, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £525,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 to his executors to divide among convalescent homes and hospitals as to them may seem best; £2000 each to the Hospital for Sick and Incurable Children (Cheyne-walk) and the British Orphan Asylum, Slough; £1000 each to the Windsor Dispensary and Infirmary, the Hospital for Consumption (Brompton), the Governesses' Benevolent Society, and the London Society for Teaching the Blind to Read; and legacies to relatives, many of large amount, and to others. There are also specific gifts of farms, furniture, &c., to his sisters and brother. As to the residue of his property, he leaves three sixteenths each to his sisters, Lady Emily Williams and Lady Harriet Leslie Melville; two sixteenths each to his half-sisters, Lady Sophia Leslie Melville and Lady Florence Leslie Melville; one sixteenth to follow the trusts of the marriage settlement of his cousin, Alexander Pym, and his wife, Lizzie; one half of a sixteenth each upon the trusts of the marriage settlements of Richard Wingfield and his wife Fanny, and Sir Henry Stafford Northcote and his wife Alice, and the remaining four sixteenths to be divided among the persons interested in the residue, and in the same shares.

The will (dated June 14, 1888), with a codicil (dated June 23, 1889), of Mr. William Westgarth, late of No. 10, Bolton-gardens, South Kensington, and of No. 8, Finch-lane, Australian agent, who died on Oct. 28 last, was proved on Dec. 10 by Mrs. Ellison Westgarth, the widow, William George Devon Astle, and Robert Macfie Cunningham, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £147,000. The testator bequeaths £500 each to the Young Men's Christian Association (Central), the Young Women's Christian Association (Central), the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary (Central), and the Beaumont Trust; £100 to the Bethnal Green Free Library for the purchase of books, or otherwise for the benefit of the said library; £5000 to his wife; and numerous legacies to sisters, brothers, nephews, nieces, late and present partners, executors, friends, employes, and servants, all free of legacy duty. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, as to one fourth, to his wife absolutely; and as to three fourths, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for his daughters or remoter issue as she shall by deed or will appoint.

The will (dated Dec. 1, 1862), with three codicils (dated March 20, 1869; Nov. 22, 1879; and Aug. 7, 1884), of Mr. Henry Auldjo, late of The Lodge, East Coves, in the Isle of Wight, who died on Nov. 21, was proved on Dec. 17 by Comyns Rowland Berkeley, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £100,000. The testator leaves his freehold residence, The Lodge, with the furniture, plate, and effects, to his brother John, for life, with remainder to his (testator's) nephew, John Rose Auldjo, for life, with remainder to his sons successively, according to their respective seniorities in tail male. There are two or three legacies, and the residue of his real and personal estate, including property in the United States, he gives to his said brother John.

The will (dated July 12, 1887) of Mr. William Frederick Vernon, D.L., late of Harefield Park, Uxbridge, who died on Sept. 27 last, was proved on Dec. 13 by William Ross Lewin Lowe and Charles Stuart Pringle, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £33,000. The testator gives considerable legacies to his brother, sister, nieces, executors, servants, and others. The furniture, plate, crockery, linen, books, and other articles in use at Harefield Park are to be enjoyed by the person who will succeed to the settled estate. The residue of his property he leaves as to one third to his nephew Bertie Wentworth Vernon, and two thirds to his nephew Herbert Charles Erskine Vernon.

The will (dated Jan. 12, 1884) of Miss Caroline Letitia Hibbert, late of No. 9, Courtfield-road, South Kensington, who died on Oct. 13 last, was proved on Dec. 4 by Colonel Francis Gordon Hibbert, the brother, and Miss Louisa Mary Anne Hibbert, the sister, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £31,000. The testatrix bequeaths £10,000 to her said brother; £300 to her godson, William George Hibbert; and £100 each to Louisa Manley, Isabel Hawker, and Mina Louisa Woolward. All her real estate (if any) and the residue of her personal estate she gives to her said sister.

The will (dated Dec. 21, 1888) of Mr. Charles Lowe, late of St. Ives, Ringwood, in the county of Southampton, who died on Aug. 12 last, was proved on Dec. 7 by Francis William Dougherty and Henry Tinney Hiltersdon Cook, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testator bequeaths legacies to daughters, sister-in-law, his executor Mr. Cook, and an annuity to Ada McCarthy, lately in his employ. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one fifth, upon trust, for his sister-in-law, Sophia Strutton, for life, and then for his four daughters, Helen, Julia, Emily, and Sophia; and four fifths, upon trust, for his said four daughters.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Sheriff of Aberdeen, Kincardine, and Banff, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Nov. 29, 1882), with a codicil (dated Feb. 18, 1889), of Major-General Thomas Foulerton, formerly of the Bombay Army, and lately residing at Rabislaw, near Aberdeen, who died on Sept. 23 last, granted to Robert Grant, Dr. John Foulerton, and Dugald Rae Milne, the accepting surviving executors-nominate, was resealed in London on Dec. 12, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £20,000.

The will (dated May 18, 1871), with a codicil (dated May 26, 1871), of Miss Eliza Cook, late of Beech House, Thornton-road, Wimbledon, who died on Sept. 23 last, was proved on Dec. 12 by Charles Cook, the brother, and Alfred Pyall, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5957. The testatrix devises her freehold residence, Beech House, to her said nephew, Alfred Pyall, for life, with remainder to his wife, Harriet Ellen, for life, with remainder to their daughters, Mary Jane and Anne Elizabeth. The management of her literary works she leaves to her said nephew, and she wishes the copyright to be kept intact; twenty per cent of the income is to be paid to her said nephew for his trouble, and the remainder of the income to John Hooper Cook for the benefit of himself and family. There are numerous pecuniary and specific legacies, and the residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, to pay one moiety of the income to her brother, Charles Cook, for life, and subject thereto for certain of her own nephews and nieces. She expresses an earnest wish that no information be given to anyone for the purpose of compiling a memoir of her life.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
C M A B.—In No. 230, if Black defend with 1. K to B 6th, the reply is 2. Q to R 5th (ch), K to K 5th; 3. Q takes P, mate.
H PRICE (Dudley).—Thanks for information.
B BRAGGIN (Hackney).—We are much obliged.
D McCoy.—If sound, your last problem is very neat, and shall appear. There are, however, several errors in transcribing the position and solution, which, for safety sake, make it necessary that you should send another diagram.
W POTTER.—We are afraid your problem is too simple and easy for our purpose.
R KELLY.—A very fine problem, which, if correct, we shall have much pleasure in publishing.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 2377 and No. 2378 received from S Rosenzweig (Cape Colony) and A R V Sastry (Mysore); of No. 2383 from Carlisle W Wood, J D Tucker (Leeds), W B Wood, Sergeant King, S O Glemster, A Gwinner, G H Bunting, A T Cooke, W E Dixon, Captain J A Challice, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), W H Hayton, G Wells, F De Lieve, and Fitz-Walter.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2384 received from John Short (Exeter), Fr Fernando (Dublin), W Biddle, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), L Desanges, Dr F St, J D Tucker (Leeds), E R H E Casella (Paris), W Dixon (Goldchester), A Newman, E Louden, J E Herbert (Ashford), S King, Walter Hooper (Plymouth), S Rover, W B Wood, Thomas Chown, W Scott McDonald, Columbus, E O Gorman, J Ross (Whitley), Dawn, W R Hallien, J Coad, W F Payne, Alpha, R Worters (Canterbury), Mrs Kelly, T Roberts, C E Perugini, R F N Banks, B De L (Brighton), J F Moon, T G Ware, A Wise, Shadforth, E Bygott, Captain J A Challice, and Dr Waltz (Heidelberg).

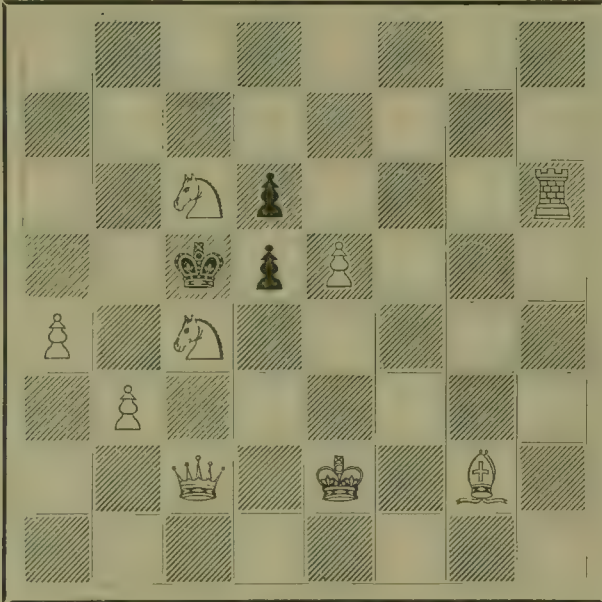
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2382. By J. E. HERBERT.

WHITE.
1. Kt takes P
2. R to B 4th (ch)
3. Mates.
BLACK.
B takes Kt
Any move

If Black play 1. K takes Kt; then 2. Q to B 3rd (ch), Kt takes Q; 3. B mates.

PROBLEM No. 2386.

By CARSLAKE W. WOOD.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at Simpson's between Mr. W. COOK, the well-known author, and Mr. O. C. MULLER.

(Centre Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. P takes P	Kt to Q 2nd
2. P to Q 4th	P takes P	13. B to R 6th	B to B sq
3. Q takes P	Kt to Q B 3rd	14. Kt to K B 3rd	R to K 3rd
4. Q to K 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	15. B to K Kt 5th	Q to K sq
This move may be made with safety; but we prefer P to K Kt 3rd, followed by B to K 2nd, as played by Pseligorin v. Mackenzie, at the Vienna Congress.			
5. B to K 2nd	B to K 2nd	16. Kt to Q 5th	
This is not a good continuation. B to Kt 5th (ch) is the usual and better defence.			
6. Kt to Q B 3rd	Castles	17. Kt to B 6th (ch)	Kt takes Kt
7. B to Q 2nd	P to Q 3rd	18. B takes Kt	R takes B
8. Castles (Q R)	P to Q 3rd	No gain in the exchange can avert Black's fate, which is simply precipitated by these captures.	
9. Q to Kt 3rd	R to K sq	19. P takes R	Q takes B
Kt to K sq seems a better line of play, defending the Kt P and liberating his K B.			
10. P to K B 4th	P to Q Kt 4th	20. K R to K sq	Q to B 5th
11. P to K 5th	P takes P	21. P takes P	B to K 2nd
		22. R takes B	Q to K Kt 5th
		23. R to K 8th (ch)	K takes P
		24. R takes B	Resigns.

CHESS IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

Game played at Ware between Mr. X. and Mr. F. N. Braund.

(King's Bishop Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. X.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. X.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	Another weak move: it is, however, difficult to suggest a satisfactory continuation for White at this stage.	
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	15.	Q R to K sq
3. B to B 4th	P to Q 4th	16. P to K 5th	B takes K P
4. B takes P	Q to R 5th (ch)	This sacrifice appears to be perfectly sound.	
5. K to B sq	P to K Kt 4th	17. P takes B	Kt takes P
6. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	18. B to K 4th	
7. P to Q 4th	Kt to K 2nd	A fatal error, but he appears to have no good move. If R to K sq, Q to R 5th, 19. P to Kt 3rd, P takes P; 20. P takes B, Q takes R; 21. Q takes P (ch); 22. Kt takes P, Kt to B 6th; 23. Q takes R (ch); 24. Kt takes Q, R takes R (ch); 25. K to B 2nd, R takes Kt; 26. Kt to Kt 3rd, R takes Kt, and should win.	
8. B to Q 2nd		19. B takes R P (ch)	Q takes B
The usual move here is Kt to B 3rd, Q to R 4th; 9. P to K R 4th, P to K R 3rd; 10. Q to Q 3rd, &c.			
9.	P to Q B 3rd	20. Q to Q 3rd	Kt to K 6th (ch)
Black obviously cannot play B takes P, on account of B to K sq.			
10. B to B 4th	Castles	21. Kt to B 2nd	Q to R 5th (ch)
11. Q Kt to K 2nd	Q to R 3rd	22. P to K Kt 3rd	P takes P (ch)
12. B takes Kt	R to K sq	23. Kt takes P	B to B 4th
This capture helps his opponent's development, while the B might have proved a source of embarrassment to Black. We would prefer Q to Q 3rd.			
13. B to Q 3rd	B to Kt 5th	24. Kt to B 3rd	B takes Q
14. Q to Q 2nd	Kt to Q 2nd	25. Kt takes Q	Kt takes P
15. P to K R 3rd		and White resigns.	

A portrait and memoir of the Rev. W. Wayte appear in the November number of the *Chess Monthly*. Mr. Wayte is better known as an analyst than a player, but he has carried off the foremost honours over the board, and can still hold his own with most. For knowledge of the theory of the game he is without a rival, and nearly all the openings in some way or other bear the marks of his handiwork.

The North London and Athenaeum Chess Clubs met in the Senior Metropolitan Competition on the evening of Dec. 12, when the former proved successful by six games to three, three games being drawn. By this victory the prize falls to the North London Club, which has won every match played.

The contest at the British Chess Club for the amateur championship resulted in a well-deserved victory for Mr. Wainwright, who only lost one game throughout the play.

A club has been formed with its headquarters at 64, King William-street, E.C., under the title of "The Monument Chess Club." The Hon. Sec. is Mr. Rudolph J. Marsden, and the entrance fee merely nominal.

Mr. F. J. Lee, who has recently been on tour in the Midlands, played simultaneously against twelve members of the Dudley Chess Club on Thursday, Dec. 12. He succeeded in winning eight games and drawing four in the very quick time of two hours and a few minutes.

Mr. F. N. Braund of Ware played ten members of the St. Albans Chess Club simultaneously on Thursday, Dec. 12. The single player won five games, lost one to Mr. H. P. Lindley, and drew the remainder. Among those who succeeded in obtaining draws was Mrs. Rogers of St. Albans, a lady who shows remarkable aptitude for the game.

The Kent County Chess Association has arranged to play a match with the City of London Chess Club (second team) on Dec. 30; and the Sussex County Chess Association has also arranged to play a match with the City Club (full strength) on or about Jan. 11.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Life's Yesterday" is a setting of some sentimental lines (by that prolific song-writer Mr. Clifton Bingham) by E. C. Ford, whose strains have the rhythmical flow of a waltz tune rather than the embodiment of poetical tenderness. "Gently to Rest" ("The Bird's Lullaby"), by H. Kinsey—also published by Messrs. Chappell and Co.—is a song of a lively character, with a contrast of rhythm between common time and nine-eight, and some effective trilling passages in the accompaniment. "Lead Them Straight" (from the same publishers) is a song by W. Smallwood, in which a martial character appropriately prevails, in accordance with the patriotic sentiment of the words. Two songs, "Maiden Fair" and "A Day Dream," by A. Strelezki, are also issued by Messrs. Chappell. The first is characterised by a mild pensiveness; the other is an expressive, although unpretentious, setting of some pleasing lines by Lady Carrol. Messrs. Chappell and Co.'s very cheap editions of church service music will be a boon, especially to country choirs. The "Morning and Evening Service" by E. D. Loyds is an effective setting of the "Te Deum," "Jubilate," "Kyrie," and "Gloria"; the same composer's anthem "O God of Bethel!" being well contrasted in its passages for tenor (or treble) solo, and chorus.

"The Pianoforte Tutor," by Seymour Smith (published by Messrs. Ransford and Son), comprises a large amount of information, together with practical exercises, arrangements of popular tunes, and duet pieces, calculated to facilitate the progress of young students while enlisting their interest.

The "Dance Album," issued by the London Music Publishing Company, is one of the shilling publications that are called forth with the Christmas season. That now referred to is well got up; neatly engraved and printed; and comprises some bright dance pieces in various forms—waltz, schottische, quadrille, and polka. The same publishers have brought out a second sonata for the pianoforte by E. Allon—a work in four divisions, each of which contains much effective writing; the "Andante Maestoso" being especially commendable for its combination of passages in the modern style with skilful contrapuntal treatment of the main subject. "Ten Love Songs" are also the composition of Mr. E. Allon, and are issued by the same firm as the last-mentioned pieces. The songs now referred to are, both in their vocal portions and in the pianoforte accompaniment, far superior to the average of the drawing-room compositions of the day. The words are selected from modern poets; and the musical settings are very expressive in style, without any touch of the conventional or commonplace. They are well worthy the attention of vocalists, public and private. From the same publishers and composer we have a choral ballad, entitled "May Margaret." The words, by John Payne, are from "Songs of Life and Death"; the music being for the usual four-part choir. There is much varied contrast of character in the composition, which is well worthy the attention of amateur choral societies. The London Music Publishing Company has also issued a "performing edition" of Haydn's oratorio "The Creation," edited with a pianoforte accompaniment arranged by the late Sir G. A. Macfarren. The publication is neatly brought out, and is portable and inexpensive. Some cheap editions of church music, issued by the same firm, should be widely acceptable, either for public or for private use. Such is S. C. Cooke's "Glory to God in the Highest," an anthem for Christmas; another anthem, "Balaam's Prophecy," by Dr. W. Spark, being "suitable for all seasons, but especially for Christmas." "Great is the Lord," by S. C. Cooke, is a full anthem, intended for harvest thanksgiving.

"The Flower Pilgrims" and "The Pageant" are the titles of cantatas each of which is for female voices. The words of the first are from the experienced hand of Clifton Bingham, the music being by Alfred Redhead. It comprises pieces for two-part choir and solo voices. Being bright and tuneful, and presenting no executive difficulties, the work should be acceptable in amateur circles. The other cantata is the composition of Dr. F. J. Sawyer, and is also for a two-part choir—with occasional solos for soprano and contralto; the pianoforte accompaniment being associated with ad libitum parts for two violins and triangle. In this instance, also, amateur circles may find something worth their attention. These two cantatas are published by Forsyth Brothers, of London and Manchester.

Henry Farmer's "Catechism of the Rudiments of Music" (edited by J. Adcock) gives, in a compendious and inexpensive form, much useful information; together with illustrative examples in music type, a dictionary of musical terms and another of proper names and important musical works, with directions for the pronunciation. Mr. J. Williams, of Berners-street, is the publisher.

Messrs. Ransford and Son have recently issued some pleasing pianoforte pieces. "Louise, Polka de Salon," by W. Kuhe, is a bright movement, in which a dance form that has been made somewhat too common is used with good effect and considerable individuality. "Moonbeams" is the title of an "Intermezzo" by O. Kettner, who has produced a tuneful piece that is easy of execution, and is facilitated by directions for fingering the principal passages. "La Fête de Nuit" is another "Intermezzo" by the same composer, and has merits similar to those of the previously named piece. "Rêverie sur l'Eau," by G. Lamothe, is a "Barcarolle," in which a melody of flowing vocal character is well sustained, with agreeably diversified passages in which the theme is brightly amplified. "Pensée Fugitive" and "Souvenir de Vichy" are both by J. Romano, the first being in the style of a nocturno, with brilliant passages interspersed with the theme. These, being fingered, render the piece useful as a study as well as being pleasing in itself.

"Album of Nine Songs" is a collection of vocal pieces composed by H. L. Pringle. The words include selections from Barry Cornwall, Kirke White, and Moore. There is much distinctive character in the music, romantic sentiment being a prevailing feature; and the style of phrasing—without being strained or exaggerated—is in strong and welcome contrast to the stereotyped conventional musical commonplace of much of the music of the day. Messrs. Patey and Willis are the publishers, as likewise of a highly characteristic song, "The Spanish Gipsy," the words and the music of which are by the late Michael Watson. A strong national tone is obtained by the use of the Bolero rhythm. The graceful and expressive "Romance," from Mr. J. F. Barnett's "Pastoral Suite" for orchestra, has been issued by Messrs. Patey and Willis, in a transcription for the pianoforte, arranged by the composer.

"Handel's Choruses, arranged for the Organ by Henry Smart." (Ascherberg and Co.)—We have here twenty-four grand choral pieces by the immortal composer of the "Messiah," the arranger having been one of the most accomplished organists of recent times. The adaptations now referred to include some of the finest of Handel's choruses, arranged, with pedal obligato in a third line, with directions for the employment of the different manuals. The collection is a valuable one, and should be welcomed by all organists.



FALSE SECURITY.



HIGHWAY ROBBERY.



LEG BAIL.



JOINT CULPRITS.

THE S I R L O I N P U R L O I N E D .

CHRISTMAS SENTIMENT.

Notwithstanding the incalculable amount of "gush," or false sentiment, about Christmas which has been written, there is a real and an earnest spirit pervading the season. It is easy enough to treat it in conventional phraseology that is to a large extent hollow and meaningless, and to pretend to regard its associations in a manner suggestive of meretricious display, for the sake of effect. Poetry has invested Christmastide with a beautiful glamour that is largely ideal. Painting has depicted it in bold outlines and in glowing colours that captivate the fancy for a time, but often leave a sense of bitter disappointment. The novelist has drawn upon his imagination for vivid portraiture of what is felt to have no exact parallel in daily life at this great commemorative festival. Yet all of us, more or less, are conscious, as by intuition, that there is beneath the writer's words and the limner's art a reality that we cannot afford to lose. The kindly and genial influences of the season are not mere matters of fancy with the poet and the novelist. In real life to-day we meet with persons, usually rigid and stern, who will unbend and thaw in some degree. The rush and whirl of daily life, the tension at which so many are constrained by circumstances to perform their allotted tasks, and the incessant struggle for existence which so many are obliged to wage, have a tendency to make them hard and cold. In the changed conditions of modern society business becomes more and more exacting in its demands, and perhaps, too, more mechanical; and its monotonous pressure is apt to make us increasingly prosaic. Competition is very keen, and the necessity for keeping pace with the times acts like an incessant whip and spur. The work of two days has sometimes to be compressed into one. During the greater part of the year many perform a task like a horse in a mill. Even what are called, somewhat ironically, "social pleasures" are submitted to in a way that reminds us of the late Sir George Cornwall Lewis's well-known remark, that life would be tolerable but for its amusements. It is unwise and useless to inveigh against the spirit of the age or the exigencies of circumstances. We must make the most we can of these. Yet it cannot be denied that there is some danger of men becoming morally ossified, and of the gentler and nobler feelings being blunted, if not deadened. The prolonged strain of business, with its inevitable anxieties, disappointments, and occasional losses, may engender irritability and cynicism, unless a corrective be judiciously administered. Men are prone to judge their fellows somewhat harshly, especially if they do not succeed, without making due allowance for the force of circumstances or for peculiarities, and even eccentricities, of temperament.

It is, therefore, a salutary thing that, once in a while, we are forced, if only for a brief season, to relax from this rigidity and to yield to kindly and generous social influences; to say nothing of higher and nobler motives that spring from this season of Advent. There is something contagious and stimulating in Christmastide. Even old Scrooge, as Charles Dickens has told us, could not resist it, though he tried hard to do so; and this character, as delineated by the great novelist, is typical of very many. We must not scrutinise too closely the highly allegorical representations given at this time of year,

or interpret with exact literalness the counterfeit presentments upon the stage. We may complacently smile at the gushing utterances in which some excellent people deem it the proper thing to indulge at what is styled the gay and festive season. We may not feel called upon to abandon ourselves to certain forms of social insanity that always break out at Christmas. Yet it comes but once a year, as the nursery song has it, and to all of us the years are too few, and they roll by too swiftly, for such brief interludes from toil and worry to be neglected or despised. The head of the household may exercise the British prerogative of grumbling at the heavy cost of the Christmas ball and of the round of festivities and entertainments which he was inveigled by his girls into giving. He will probably declare with much emphasis that the customary gratuities are a nuisance and an imposition. He may be astonished and angry at the number and the variety of expectants who suddenly appear, as if both his purse and his good-nature were inexhaustible. Yet it is not too much to say that, secretly, he likes to witness the fun and the frolic of the juniors, even though he may be too old and stiff to participate. As he watches and listens, memory calls up visions of days when life was full of bright promise; when he was young, and hopeful, and buoyant; when his pulse beat high and his cheeks were flushed with delightful excitement, as is now the case with his bevy of fair daughters and stalwart sons. For a few hours his old self is recalled from the distant past, and perhaps he is none the worse for the transient visitor. Anything is to be welcomed that stops for a short time the clatter of machinery in daily life, and the incessant and consuming endeavours which we all seem compelled to make so as to outdo ourselves and to triumph over our coepeers.

Then there is the pleasant reunion of families and of old friends, rendered more easy of accomplishment by the network of railways spread all over the country, and by the facilities offered by enterprising and public-spirited managers. Every terminus in London, and the stations in all our large provincial towns, are the scenes of extraordinary bustle and activity. Even the little roadside stations are aroused from their normal condition of quiet indolence. Hecatombs of feathered victims have been immolated, to be sent with numerous other gifts as tokens of kindly remembrance; and the marvel is that the railway administration is able to endure the strain even for so short a time. Less than half a century ago, when families were separated and scattered by long distances, the members were practically cut off from direct communication except at long and uncertain intervals, owing to the difficulty, the expense, and the time consumed in travelling. In these modern days, it not infrequently happens that three or four generations assemble under the old roof at Christmas; and the day or two thus secured for renewing family intercourse, and for cementing family ties, are very pleasant and enjoyable. The elders, as is their wont, discuss the past, and compare the work of their mature years. The juniors naturally abandon themselves, with all the glow and enthusiasm of youth, to the full enjoyment of the present. Old friendships are revived, new friendships are formed, and, sometimes, alienations and discords are happily brought to an end, and buried in oblivion by mutual consent. Nor are poor relations forgotten, for considerateness and geniality predominate at this

season. Indeed, one of its most pleasing features is that a prompt and generous response is given to the urgent and numerous appeals made to the philanthropic and the benevolent. The columns of the newspaper press invariably furnish ample evidence of this. Means are sought, and are readily given, to provide generous meals for the hungry poor and entertainments for the neglected. Tens of thousands of deserving persons find themselves kindly remembered by those more happily circumstanced; and not a few of the latter, as we trust, experience the blessedness of being their own almoners, in witnessing the joy and gratitude of the recipients of their generosity. There are always to be found, not many yards from our own doors, some poor neighbours, or struggling parents, or solitary widows, or sickly persons, or orphan children, on whom the bestowal of a suitable Christmas gift, accompanied by kind words and pleasant looks, is a welcome boon that reflects its brightness upon the giver. Even if, among the crowd, some undeserving ones surreptitiously obtain a share, good-nature for once gets the better of political economy, and we say, with gentle Oliver Goldsmith, that we hope it does them good, while it does us no harm. Moreover, "if we all had our deserts, who of us would escape a whipping?"

W. H. S. A.

The Queen has approved the appointment of the Marquis of Tweeddale to be Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

The concise diaries for 1890 of Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co., of London and Belfast, combine elegance and strength with compactness. They are beautifully printed in blue and brown.

The Devonshire Club, which had been closed for decoration and alterations, has been reopened, the improvements effected by the architect, Mr. Armitage, meeting with the cordial approval of members.

A Proclamation is published in the *Gazette* summoning Parliament to meet on Tuesday, Feb. 11, "for the dispatch of divers urgent and important affairs."—A second Proclamation appears in the *Gazette* ordering the election of two Representative Peers of Scotland, in the room of the Earl of Leven and Melville and the Earl of Orkney, deceased. The election is to take place at Holyrood House, Edinburgh, on Jan. 6.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Alfred Aimé Engrand, master of the French fishing-boat G333, of Gravelines, in acknowledgment of his humanity to the shipwrecked crew of the British steam-ship Batavia, whom he rescued off the South Foreland on Oct. 31, 1889. Sums of money have also been awarded to two of the crew of the fishing-boat who manned the small boat which took off the shipwrecked men.—The Board have also awarded a gold shipwreck medal and a sum of money to Leon Nieman, master, and silver shipwreck medals and sums of money to L. Spuy, Jan Van Drimmelen, and Jan Brandenburg, who accompanied Nieman in his fishing-boat Twee Gebroeders, of forty-nine tons, and, under circumstances of great risk and gallantry, rescued the crew of the British steam-ship Yoxford, of London, which stranded in very bad weather, on the coast between the Brielle and the New Waterway, Holland, on Nov. 28, 1889.

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TO persons whose skin is delicate or sensitive to changes in the weather, winter or summer, PEARS' TRANSPARENT SOAP is invaluable, as, on account of its emollient, non-irritant character, *Redness, Roughness and Chapping are prevented, and a clear appearance and soft velvety condition maintained, and a good, healthful and attractive complexion ensured.* Its agreeable and lasting perfume, beautiful appearance, and soothing properties, commend it as the greatest luxury and most elegant adjunct to the toilet.

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TABLETS & BALLS:

1s. each. Larger Sizes, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

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A smaller Tablet (unscented) is sold at 6d.

PEARS'
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SOAP.

BRAMPTON PARK.

Had Brampton Park, near Huntingdon, been specially built for the purpose for which it is now being used, it could not have been made more suitable than it is. Mr. Beasley, the celebrated specialist and eminent authority on defects in speech, more particularly with respect to stammering, having found it necessary to extend his sphere of usefulness in the treatment of this painful affliction, has taken, on a long lease, this magnificent country mansion. It is situated within two miles of the town of Huntingdon, and about a mile and a half from the Midland, Great Eastern, and Great Northern Railway stations, whence London is reached within an hour and a quarter. It stands in a finely timbered park of more than one hundred acres, near to the river Ouse, where there is exceedingly good fishing and boating. The Fitzwilliam, the Oakley, and the Cambridgeshire hounds hunt the district, and there is ample stabling accommodation for pupils who may desire to keep their horses.

Every arrangement is made for the perfect enjoyment of a country life in all possible ways, so that, while being treated for their impediment, pupils miss none of the comforts or pleasures of home, and the junior portion continue their general education.

It may not be uninteresting even to the casual reader to know that Mr. Beasley was himself for nearly forty years a stammerer of the worst type. He began to stammer when about five years of age, and, although very strong and robust, grew gradually worse, in spite of the opinion of medical men that "he would grow out of it." After unsuccessfully trying every available means to get rid of his impediment, accident revealed to him the first grand principle to be inculcated before relief could be obtained; but it was only by dint of labour, study, and research that he has perfected a system for the cure of stammering, by which he cured himself, and earned the distinction of being the greatest living authority on the subject; and by which stammerers, old and young, of both sexes, who had thought their impediments absolutely incurable, have had the power of perfect speech restored; and many, whose lives might otherwise have been aimless and without ambition, have been enabled to enter the Church, the Army, the Navy, and other professions. One of the features in Mr.

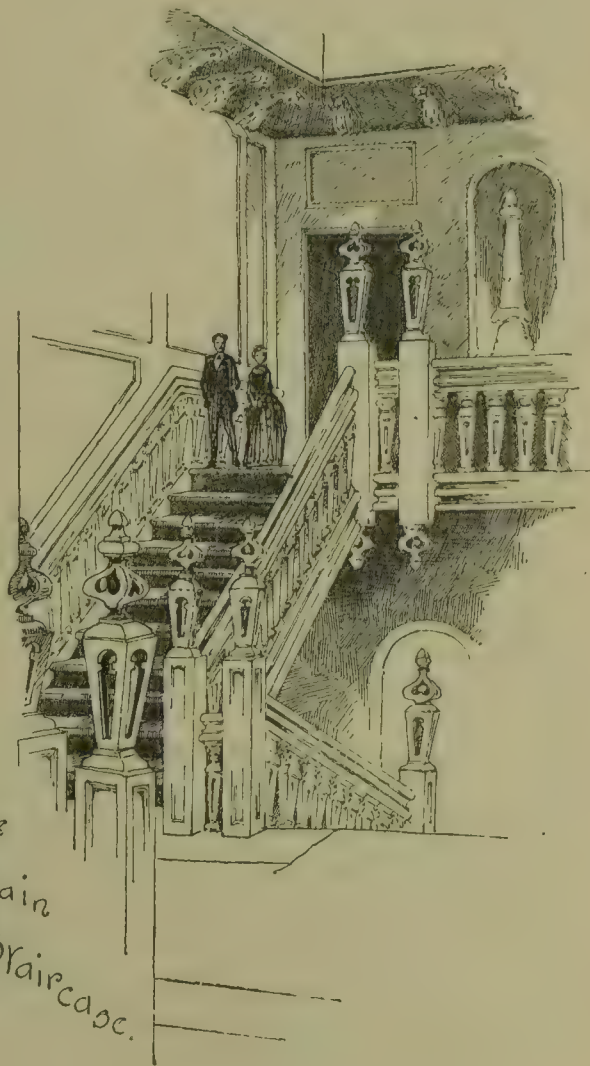
Beasley's system is that it is a great advantage for a number of stammerers to be together, feeling they are among friends, and, as it were, a band of brothers met for a special object; and it is pleasant to witness the excellent feeling existing between them, and the mutual help they afford each other. This is what the stammerer requires. He needs different treatment to ordinary people: he requires a family life, a home, where he feels himself surrounded by persons who look indulgently at his affliction, but at the same time encourage him by word and deed to exert his will to overcome his infirmity. Such homes are Mr. Beasley's establishments at Brampton Park, near Huntingdon, and Sherwood, Willesden-lane, Brondesbury, London.



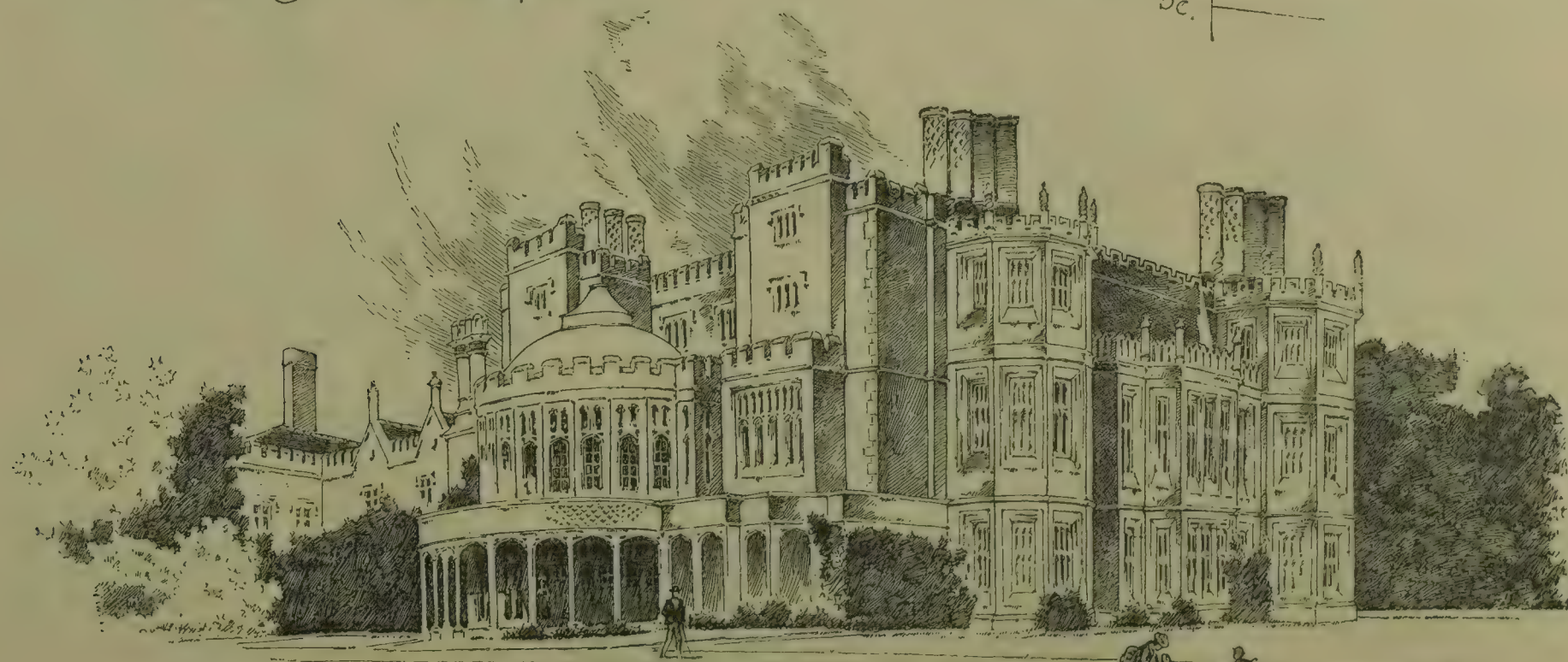
The Entrance Front.



East Gate Lodge.



The Main Staircase.



Brampton Park: The Garden Front.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

There is no time of year when flowers are not in season in London, but the wealth of the great Czar violets to be seen at present is something uncommon. A new decoration for a dinner-table consists of flat plate-like arrangements composed entirely of violets, placed so close together, over a wire frame that no foundation is visible; but then this plateau of flowers must be placed in the middle of a china or silver round dish, rather larger than itself, so that the edge of this appears all round the flowers. Passing between the several plates of the sweet-scented blooms thus arranged must be a soft silk scarf of as near as possible the same tone of colour: this decoration goes round the centre of the table, and the island, so to speak, which it leaves in the centre needs nothing more in the way of decoration but compotes of fruit. Other flowers now much patronised are jonquils and snowdrops. Even roses and geraniums are quite plentiful in town, and chrysanthemums abound.

Among the thousand (for there are literally as many) new and pretty things which throng in the London shops at this season are some novel receptacles both for fruit and flowers. There are two new sorts of fruit dishes—one intended specially for grapes, the other for round large fruits, such as oranges, apples, or peaches. The former has a lower bowl or dish shaped like a great vine-leaf, with a silver stem rising from one side, which ends in a hooked arm projecting, like a sign-post, over the dish, just so far as is necessary to keep the balance when the weight of a great bunch of grapes is suspended from the hook. The fruit therefore simply hangs free; it touches nothing, and this preserves all the delicate bloom, till the moment when its beauty is to be transferred to the

guests' plates: then the bunch can be either lifted on to the plate or cut from with the grape scissors as it hangs. The orange or peach stand is made a little after the same idea. It has a foundation plate, either of silver, china, or looking-glass, and a pole standing up in the middle of that, with a number of arms projecting, each ending in a ring, so slender and of so small a size that when the fruit is placed on the ring it is quite hidden, and the orange or peach might be growing on the stem. Such little novelties help to make a table interesting as well as display the fruit to advantage. Dishes of winter fruit are often dressed with evergreen leaves, such as bay or laurel.

Brocade is being utilised in making many pretty things. Photograph-frames, either standing or folding, can be made lovely with scraps of any beautiful brocade that may be available. Many cheap frames can be bought: some, indeed, of good shape may be had for a few pence, being covered only with paper of a pretty pattern. Yet they have quite a nice appearance when fresh—you would never guess what they really are made of—and as soon as the paper gets dirty (which is not long in happening) it can be covered by the aid of gum with a bit of fancy brocade silk, and be in the height of fashion. Flower-holders of bamboo are also covered either with brocade, or plush, or silk on which a little embroidery has been boldly executed, and are then things of beauty.

A new idea in chair-cushions is one which looks at first sight exactly like a mammoth tea-cosy. It is made to fit over the back of a chair, so that half the cushion is at the back and half over the front, where it forms a nice rest for the head and neck. It can be taken off from day to day, and reversed, so as to wear both sides equally. The only advantage of it is that it does not slip down, but keeps firm under

the head. Of course, a chair which has a back projection of the frame, on which a melon or "roly-poly" head-cushion can be tied with ribbon, may as well have such an adornment; but the new idea is a happy one for the many easy-chairs, which are fully upholstered, and in which, when one sits to read with a loose cushion under one's head, there is a constant feeling of slipperiness. These "cosy" cushions should be stuffed with either down or feathers. The bolster or melon head-cushion, which can be tightly stuffed, is best filled with a cotton fluff that the upholsterer sells under the name of "millpuff."

Leather embroidered with the needle in silk forms the material of many of the newest pretty trifles. A fine thin leather, with little more substance than kid, is chosen, and usually dyed either palest buff or grey. The bolder the needlework designs are, the better they look; and the leather will not stand many stitches. Stretched over wood or cardboard frames, it makes effective photo-stands, little open cases to stand on the mantelshelf or side table for dropping engagement cards or memoranda into, letter-racks to hang up, loose covers for "Bradshaw" or for an almanack, and many other things. A useful object to make is a case for holding loose photographs. Albums are out of fashion, and it is impossible to have frames or stands to contain the counterfeit presentment of all one's friends and acquaintances. The case to hold a number of them can be made in two ways. A piece of leather, or brocade, or plush, as preferred, is chosen large enough to make, when folded, a book that will comfortably enclose a dozen or two dozen cabinets or cartes, as the case may be; then pieces of cardboard, rather larger than the photographs, are laid on either side—a little distance apart, to leave a back—and neatly pasted over the edges with strong

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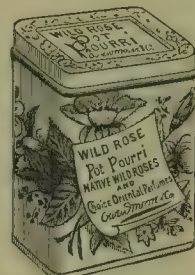
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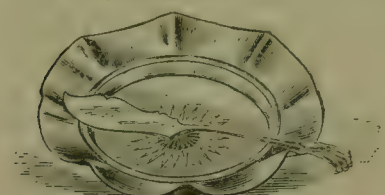
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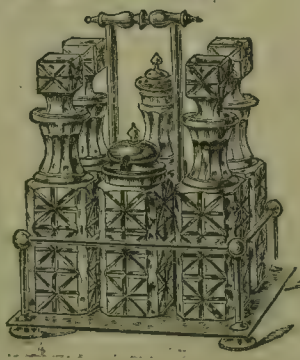
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them but once; they will cure, and they will not injure your

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The Pills purify the blood, correct all disorders of the

liver, stomach, kidneys, and bowels. The Ointment is un-

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MONTE CARLO SEASON, 1890.

The Committee of the Société des BAINS DE MER of

Monte Carlo have the honour to announce the following arrange-

ments for the

THEATRICAL SEASON.

FAUST, Jan. 17. Mesdames Caron, Levesque, MM. Vermet,

LA STATUE, Jan. 11-14.—Madame Caron; MM. Vermet,

Bohy, Collet.

LE VOYAGE EN CHINE, Jan. 18-21.—Mlle. Levasseur;

MM. Moullet, Isard.

LE DOMINO NOIR, Jan. 23-24.—Mlle. Levasseur; MM.

Moullet, Isard.

LA FILLE DU REGIMENT, Feb. 1-4.—Mlle. Levasseur;

MM. Isard, Moullet, Collet, Gaudin.

LE MEDECIN MALGRE LUI, Feb. 8-11. Mlle. Deschamps;

MM. Moullet, Isard.

HAMILTON, Feb. 13-20.—Mesdames Mellia, Deschamps; M.

Dereims.

ROMEO ET JULIETTE, Feb. 23-25.—Mesdames Mellia,

Degrandi; M. Dereims.

LE NOUVEAU SEIGNEUR, March 1.—Mlle. Paulin; M.

S. Jacquot.

LES NOUVEAUX DE JEANNETTE, March 4. Mlle. Levasseur;

M. Soulaireux.

ZAMPA, March 8-11.—Mlle. Levasseur; MM. Soulaireux,

Wainpo.

JOLI GILLES, March 13-18.—Mlle. Paulin; MM. Soulaireux,

Isard.

LA FETE AU VILLAGE VOISIN, March 22-25. Mlle.

Levasseur; MM. Soulaireux, Isard.

LE PILOTE, March 29-31.—Mlle. Levasseur, Paulin.

There will be given a Grand Ballet Divertissement after each

Representation, and Four Performances will also be given by

the Grand Opéra Français.

The Classical Concerts, under the direction of M. Steck,

will be given every Thursday throughout the season; and

the ordinary Daily Concerts will take place morning and

evening as heretofore.

PIGEON-SHOOTING CONCOURS.

Saturday, Dec. 28.—Poule d'Essai, Prix Ghido, Poule Régle-

mentaire.

gum or thin glue. Next, a silk lining is brought neatly up to this, and also gummed down, with the edge turned in. Then, according to taste, either a pocket can be put on to each cover so that the photos can be slipped in on each side and the book closed over them, or a piece of the outer material can be fixed at each end, so as to close the two halves of the cover permanently together, and make it a case into which the photos can be put all together.

It is difficult to find employment sometimes for the children home for the holidays. This cold, damp season is much more of an infliction, in that respect, than the summer, when they can generally run about and divert themselves. Indoor occupations are essential for the long evenings. A way in which small children of my acquaintance have been much amused for a good time, day after day, is in making scrap-books out of old envelopes. The square-shaped envelopes are the right ones. When they come in from the postman, the first thing the small fingers must do is to cut off the flap that has been stuck down (which is probably either cut or torn), and then the two end flaps, separating them carefully from the bottom one, which is left on. A shape is thus obtained exactly like that of an unused envelope, only the enfolding sides are gone. The next thing is to paste it all over, and cover it on both sides, as neatly as possible, with art-muslin, cut to the right shape. It is already a thing of beauty in this condition, but it is not finished. When that paste is dry, let carefully cut-out figures from illustrations of all sorts be pasted on at intervals. A child will soon take an interest in making artistic or grotesque arrangements of the scraps; and they may be scattered, because the art-muslin background is pretty enough to show a good deal. Finally, when about a dozen such slips are ready, fasten them together by putting a paper-clip

through the pointed end, which makes an effective hinge, and there is a diverting scrap-book: it will have given the child of the comfortable home pleasant employment to make, and it will be a delight to some poor child in a cottage, or light enough to be easily held by one lying suffering in a hospital ward.

Another amusing occupation is making a mosaic table. Buy one of the cheap little plain wood tables intended for enamelling, but, instead of doing that with it, let the top be thinly covered, in small portions at a time, with plaster-of-paris, and in that let tiny bits of broken china be closely arranged, like mosaic. All your own or intimate friends' pretty-coloured broken china can be stored up till there is enough, then it has to be pounded into little bits and selected and arranged on the plaster-bed with some taste, both as regards shape and colour. It is surprising what a pretty summer-house or conservatory table can be made in this way, and some children delight in the occupation. FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

At the close of the winter session of the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, the Principal, the Rev. J. B. McClellan, awarded, in the College Hall, the diplomas, medals, and scholarships gained by the pupils. Reviewing the successful year's work, he said fifteen or sixteen gentlemen had obtained the diploma of the college during the year, while among the honours and successes which had been gained by past and present students was the elevation to Knighthood of their distinguished old student, Sir Jacob Wilson, and several of their diploma men had obtained important appointments in India, in the Colonies, and at home. An interesting feature of the gathering was the presentation by the students of a gold

watch and address to Professor McCracken, who this term vacates the Chair of Agriculture. The Diploma of Membership was gained by H. F. W. Wilkinson, A. G. Wilkinson, Stephen Svlasto, Henry Hartley, and A. G. Scorer. H. F. W. Wilkinson won the Haygarth Gold Medal; Spencer Evan Jones, a Scholarship of £25; and Edric Druce and Roaji Bhailal Patel, scholarships of £10 each.

The Committee of the Hospital for Consumption, Brompton, have received 500 guineas from Dr. C. Theodore Williams, in memory of his father, the late Dr. C. J. B. Williams, who had been connected with the hospital from its foundation, and after whom it is proposed to name a ward.

The Board of Agriculture have determined that the dog-muzzling order shall be continued from and after Dec. 31 until it is declared by further order of the Board to cease to apply. It is also extended beyond the metropolitan area to Kent, Essex, Surrey, Herts, as well as Lancashire, Cheshire, and the West Riding of Yorkshire.

The new edition of the eminently useful manual "Hazzell's Annual," just published by Messrs. Hazzell, Watson, and Co., under the editorship, as heretofore, of Mr. E. D. Price, has been revised throughout and enriched by many new articles. Electric Lighting, the County Council, Assyriology, Coal Mining, Stations, Football, the forthcoming International Exhibition in the United States, Mr. H. M. Stanley, and the Strikes afford ready examples of some scores of headings which are at the moment of special interest. It records with notices the recent deaths of Mr. Tupper, Lord Carbery, and Mr. Frederic Clay, the composer; chronicles the great fires at Boston and Minneapolis, and notes the important circular rescripts of the Local Government Board on the subject of housing the poor.

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LADIES' IVORY OPERA GLASS

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GENTLEMEN'S LEATHER-COVERED FIELD GLASS, with Monogram in pierced Silver. Price from £2 15s. Opera-Glasses mounted in Aluminium, Tortoiseshell, or Pearl. Barometers, Binoculars, Microscopes, Telescopes, Magic Lanterns, &c., of every description.

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Meteorological, Optical, Nautical, and Surveying Instruments,
1200 Engravings, price 5s. 6d.

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FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

Greatly facilitates the process of Teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation; will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Depend upon it, Mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and

RELIEF & HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.

Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. per Bottle.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robar's AUREOLINE produces the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warrented perfectly harmless. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., of all principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the world. Agents, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 31 and 32, Berners-st., W.

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Best Preserver of the Hair.
Best Brilantine for the Beard, Whiskers, and Moustaches.
Also in Golden Colour. 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d.

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A Pure Non-Gritty Tooth Powder.
Whitens the Teeth.
Prevents Decay.
Sold Everywhere.

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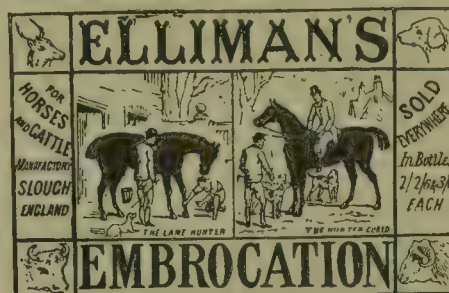
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FOR OVER-REACHES, CHAPPED HEELS, WIND GALLS.
FOR RHEUMATISM IN HORSES.
FOR SORE THROATS AND INFLUENZA.
FOR BROKEN KNEES, BRUISES, CHAPPED ROCKS.
FOR SORE SHOULDERS, SORE BACKS.
FOR SPRAINS, CUTS, BRUISES IN DOGS.

"Used in my stables with most satisfactory results."
(G. P. BLAKE (Colonel),
Master of Surrey Union Hounds.

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Sold by Chemists and Saddlers. Price 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d.
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"They fit perfectly, and are far superior to all the other Corsets I have tried."—Signed, MARIE ROZE.

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DIAGONAL SEAM CORSET.

Will not split in the Seams nor tear in the Fabric. Exquisite Model. Perfect Comfort, Guaranteed Wear. Beware of worthless imitations. Every genuine Y & N Corset is stamped "Y & N Patent Diagonal Seam Corset, No. 116," in oval. THREE GOLD MEDALS!

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PUZZLE.

*Divide the
Paper into three
pieces, and
adjust the figures*

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*to read the
usual way—*

1890

More Rhymes for Beecham's Chimes.

MID loud congratulation,
Mid the festive Christmas throng,
A mighty British nation
Would wonder what was wrong,
And millions might inquire,
If a message did not reach 'em
From the universal BEECHAM,
Of St. Helens, Lancashire.

* * * * *

So fill up a bumper:—be merry and wise;
Enjoy the good cheer, with its puddings and pies!
But while fun and feasting the joyous pulse thrills,
Remember the virtues of famed BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Or, when you've a moment, sit down and peruse
What, to all friends of Beecham, will read like good news:
How Advertisement grand, with her myriad-toned voice,
Has told all the earth of the Pills of your choice.

In Britain, at places of seaside resort,
From Boat-sails that skimm'd o'er the waves we were taught;
And from Bathing-Machines, 'mong the sands and the rocks,
We have learned of the Pills WORTH A GUINEA A BOX!

The thousands of journals that flood town and city
Have teemed with engravings, delightful or witty,
Whose object and effort were ever the same—
To publish A WONDERFUL MEDICINE'S fame.

And Schoolbooks, to help on each master and miss,
Were given by the ton!—and the notion was this:
Graft the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH upon fair Wisdom's root,
And the youthful idea will the easier shoot!

In France, too, that nation of genius and grace,
Of late Beecham's Pills found a wide-welcomed place;
While the far East and India constantly cry—
"The Pills ACT LIKE MAGIC—increase our supply!"

To distant America, south of the Line,
They oft were dispatched in this year Eighty-nine.—
But, reader, adieu!—for our space quickly fills;
Take Beecham's best wishes, and take—BEECHAM'S PILLS!

POSTSCRIPT.

A word to the wise: BEECHAM'S ANNUAL is OUT!
Of all Christmas Numbers, the **Best**, without doubt.
Though a Shilling's the worth, yet a Penny's the price!
Give newsagent orders, with this sound advice:

"Let there be no delay: Try and get it to-day,
For 'tis certain they'll all be snapped up in a trice!"

FOREIGN NEWS.

The influenza epidemic is raging worse than ever in Paris. The patients suffer from prostration like that from sea-sickness, and fever is sometimes so strong as to be attended with delirium. Many doctors have been attacked by it, and the others are heavily worked. Five members of the Cabinet have been prostrated by the disease.

The Italian Chamber of Deputies has passed, by 196 against 93 votes, the Bill dealing with the reorganisation of charitable institutions. The measure deprives the ecclesiastical authorities of the direction and administration of these institutions.

The Spanish Cortes, on rising, adjourned till Jan. 10.

The second son of the King and Queen of Portugal was christened on Dec. 18, and was named Manoel. Queen Maria Pia and the Comte de Paris acted as sponsors. The ex-Emperor and Empress of Brazil were present.

The Swiss State Council has approved the Budget for 1890, as passed by the National Council, estimating the revenue at 72,532,300 francs, and the expenditure to 85,508,000 francs. The Council has also ratified the treaty for the fusion of the Jura-Berne and the Swiss Western Railway Companies.

The Emperor and Empress of Austria, with the Archduchess Marie Valérie and her fiancé, the Archduke Franz Salvator, have gone to Miramare for the Christmas holidays. The German theatre at Pesh was totally destroyed by fire on

Dec. 20. In a very short time the whole building collapsed, and nothing of the properties could be saved. No lives were lost.

A number of children were rehearsing at Detroit on Dec. 20 for a Christmas fête, when the wand carried by one of them caught fire from a candle. The gauze dresses of a dozen children were speedily in flames; two of the little ones lost their lives on the spot, and several others received fatal injuries.

The Queen's University at Kingston, Canada, on Dec. 19 celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation. Lord Stanley of Preston, the Governor-General, and Sir John Macdonald, the Premier, were present. The former received the honorary degree of LL.D.

A banquet was given at Capetown, on Dec. 21, to Sir Henry Loch, the New Governor of Cape Colony, and Lady Loch, the Mayor of Capetown presiding. The proceedings passed off most successfully, 200 ladies and gentlemen being present.

The New South Wales Legislative Assembly, having passed the Budget Estimates for 1890, has been prorogued.

At a Court of Assistants of the Sons of the Clergy, held on Dec. 21 at the Corporation House, Bloomsbury-place, the Governors made a large distribution of Christmas benefactions to poor clergymen and educational grants for their children.

The total sum granted, including £470 from the Clergy Distress Fund, was £2772; the grants in November having amounted to £2300.

The Duke of Fife has sold his estate of Inverlochty, in Morayshire, to Mr. William Smith of Elgin.

The great artillery magazine at Baku has been destroyed by a succession of terrific explosions and the fire which resulted. Four men were killed, and several others injured.

A football-match was played at Manchester, on Dec. 21, between the North and South, and resulted in a victory for the latter team by four tries to a goal.

At the Christmas examination of the 150 cadets of H.M.S. Worcester, off Greenhithe, eleven of the number went in for the special examinations for certificates. Two—Cadets T. W. Bennett and A. J. Fortnum—received certificates of the highest class, while not one of the remaining nine descended to an "ordinary."

Messrs. Hudson and Kearn's Architects' and Builders' Diaries are arranged with strict regard to every-day requirements. The Drapers' Diary is not inferior in point of appearance and business usefulness. In the domestic order of things, Showell's Housekeeper's Diary is a wonder of arrangement, wherein a place is given to every possible item of household expenditure from day to day. The blotting-pads issued by this firm are very ingenious.

NOTICE.

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THE STOCK-TAKING SALE

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES,

WILL COMMENCE ON THE

FIRST MONDAY IN JANUARY, AND WILL CONTINUE DURING THE MONTH.

GENUINE BARGAINS will be offered in each Department. The whole of the Stock has been re-marked to very low prices purposely for this Sale. Those ladies who kindly pay an early visit can secure remarkably cheap goods.

MOURNING ORDERS DURING THE SALE Will be SOLD at the SAME CHEAP RATES. Travelling Expenses not charged, however distant from London.

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Now Ready (Sixpence), New Series, No. 79, THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for JANUARY, containing NETTLESHIP'S SCORE—A WILD SWANNERY—CIRCUIT NOTES—THE RING OF THOTH—STRANGERS WITHIN OUR GATES—INSIGHT—SHETLAND PONIES, and THE BURN MILLION, by JAMES PAYN, Author of "By Proxy," &c., &c. Chaps. XXVI. to XXIX. London: SMITH, ELDER, & Co., 15, Waterloo-place.

REDFERN'S SALE.

Messrs. J. REDFERN and SONS beg to announce that their Annual Sale will commence

MONDAY, DEC. 30,

And continue for TWO WEEKS, when they will offer for sale all their original Models of

GOWNS, COATS, ULSTERS, MANTLES, WRAPS, AND MACINTOSHES.

At such Prices "Regardless of Cost" that will secure a speedy clearance; also a large quantity of their

CELEBRATED CLOTHS

In lengths suitable for making various garments.

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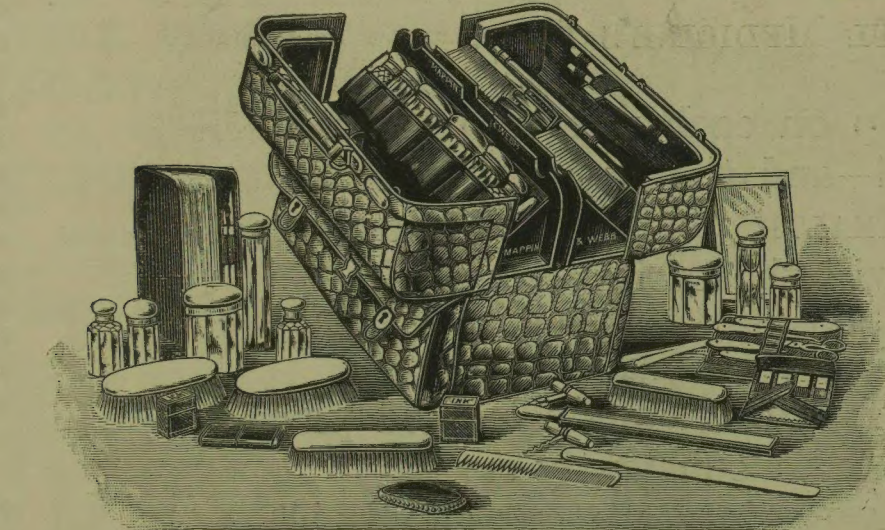
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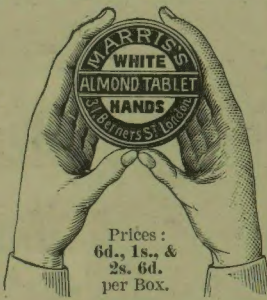
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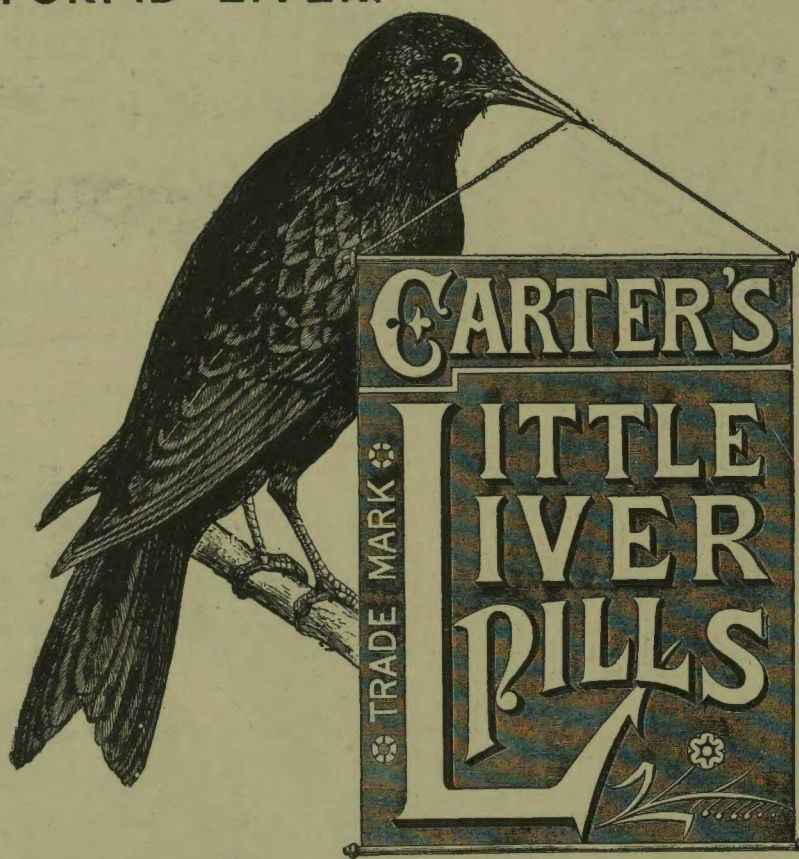
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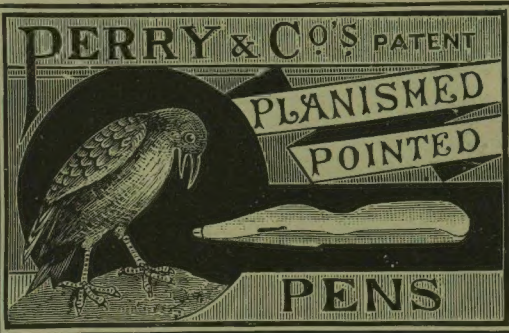
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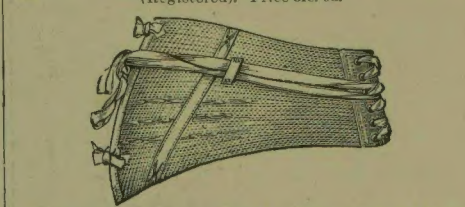
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